# PRIMARY EDUCATION

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EVA D. KELLOGG, EDITOR

HE holidays were fruitful, but must end:
One August evening had a cooler breath;
Into each mind intruding duties crept;
Under the cinders burned the fires at home.
—*Emerson.*

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Are the cinders all raked away and did the coals "keep?"

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It is surprising how quickly the fire begins to burn again as soon as the teacher and the children are together once more in the school room. The old warmth returns and there is a liking for school in both pupils and teacher that makes itself felt as soon as the door closes and they are really alone together.

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But it is to be hoped that the pleasant vacation experiences have not all been left outside. They can be made a part of every day's work and every day's pleasure for the whole month of September. And is not this occasional telling over of the mutual experiences one of the best ways to tide the little children over from all play to all work? Next to the actual enjoyment of a good time is the pleasure of telling it. If the school is new and the teacher has yet to become acquainted with her flock, there is no way so sure as to listen to their personal experiences, both in and out of the school-room; for there is nothing like interest and sympathy to win hearts, old or young, in the school room or out of it.

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If there can be any one key-word to success given to the new teacher who is trembling before her coming work and shrinking under the overwhelming dread of meeting the new children — that word is *sympathy*. Not make-believe, artificial sympathetic words,— they will betray themselves like the ring of a false coin — but the genuine sympathy that wins everywhere and conquers everything. It is impossible for children to refuse to work with and for the teacher who likes them, believes in them and sympathetically goes out to them. The human heart is hungry for the warm touch and the kindly clasp and the "greatest trial" of a boy or girl that any teacher may meet this year will find it impossible to withstand these influences.

There is another word — a twin-word — to be linked with sympathy as a co-helper for the teacher — *inspiration*. To win hearts and inspire souls is glory enough for any life. But inspiration only follows aspiration. "We cannot inspire till we aspire. Aspirations are angels going up the celestial ladder, while inspirations are angels coming down the same ladder. An angel never comes down till an angel has gone up." First be, then teach.

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## Special Subjects for the Year.

While it will be the continued aim of this paper to give our readers the best that can be found upon all subjects pertaining to their personal improvement and their work, special subjects will be taken up from time to time and fully considered as the needs of the schools may demand. Such a special theme will be Nature Study for the coming year.

It is with pride and pleasure that we announce the addition to our family of contributors of Prof. Charles B. Scott, formerly supervisor of Nature Study in St. Paul, now of the state normal school, Oswego N. Y. Mr. Scott's name alone carries hope with it for all who are anxious and seeking for help in this comparatively new branch of study. The help has come and it will be given to our readers in no stinted measure. Not only will primary teachers find themselves directed and inspired from month to month in this work, but there will be an intermediate department also for the higher grades and ungraded schools. Let every teacher read the clear and forcible statement of the foundation principles of Mr. Scott's work on the two next pages before considering his treatment in detail in another part of the paper.

In a private letter, Mr. Scott says: "I have made no drawings for this number. Illustrations are too often short cuts to tell the teachers, what, by a little effort, they can discover for themselves. I have endeavored to select such material and describe and suggest in such a way that a person with no knowledge of the subject and ordinary comprehension can follow the suggestions and understand the descriptions, *if they will only take the paper out of doors and study the plants where the Creator put them*. If they insist on staying in the house and confining themselves to books I cannot help them."

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Another pleasure in prospect. Mr. Henry T. Bailey, State Supervisor of Drawing in Massachusetts, will consider the subject of Color in a series of articles during the year. This announcement will be received with delight by the readers of his "Drawing in Primary Schools," series which appeared in this paper last year. Mr. Bailey has no superior in attracting, reaching and helping teachers, either with voice or pen.

More good things will be announced next month.

# Nature Study in Elementary Schools.*

By Prof. Chas. B. Scott, State Normal School, Oswego, N. Y.

I HAVE been asked to give you some practical suggestions on nature study based on my own experience of several years in St. Paul. I feel unable to do this without first considering some of the principles involved. Methods of work are of very little value to thinking teachers unless they grasp the principles on which they are based.

## Definitions.

Permit me first to define our terms and to state just what I understand by "nature study" or elementary science. I prefer the term nature study as having a less formidable sound and better expressing the spirit in which the work should be undertaken. Elementary science is, perhaps, more exact and, therefore, more scientific. The latter term involves two ideas. First it is elementary as distinguished from advanced. In the object or purpose of the work, in the material selected, in the methods pursued, it is elementary, planned for and adapted to the needs and capacities of the pupils of elementary schools. In the second place it is science, that is, classified knowledge, and knowledge, our dictionary defines as "clear and certain perception"—"familiarity gained by actual experience." In the very beginning I cannot emphasize too strongly the idea involved in the definitions of knowledge. Let me repeat them,—"clear and certain perception," "familiarity gained by actual experience." How much of our knowledge would pass that test? How much of the stock of information possessed by our pupils is, or is based on, "clear and certain perception?" How much of it is "familiarity gained by actual experience?" How much of it is classified — classified knowledge?

Let us clearly understand our terms and know just what we are considering and what we mean by elementary science. Our college or university friend, an enthusiast in his work, would have us introduce into our schools his specialty, quantitative physics and chemistry, plant and animal anatomy and classification, with little or no modification or adaptation to the children. This is science but it is not elementary.

Another friend of our schools would place in the hands of our children beautiful and interesting books telling all about the wonders of the world around them. These may be good, they may be helpful, they may be elementary, but this is not science. It is not "clear and certain perception," it is not "familiarity gained by actual experience."

A third class, with a better knowledge of the needs and conditions of our schools, with a better appreciation of the nature and capacities of the pupils, would have the children go to nature instead of to the book, watch the swelling bud, the developing seed, the opening flower, note the flight and song of the bird and peep into its nest, glance at the fly or grasshopper, admire the brilliant coloring of the butterfly. They would have our children sip butterfly-like a little here, a little there, taste in this place, in that place. This is better, very much better; where the child is surrounded by nature, almost immersed in nature, it may be an excellent means of arousing in him the interest and sympathy and spirit which are the first essentials in his best development. It may lead to knowledge, to fairly "clear and certain perception." It may lay the foundation for science; it is on just such foundations that all science has arisen. But if it stops with sipping and tasting, if the knowledge is simply absorbed and not digested or assimilated, if it is not expressed in a form intelligible to others, if it does not lead to real study and to an investigation of relations; if it does not result in comparison, and finally in some natural classification by the child, it is not science, it is not classified knowledge.

Elementary science then is:

1. *Elementary*, adapted in aim, plan, methods and materials to the capacities and nature of the children in elementary schools.

2. *Knowledge;* it should result in clear and certain perception, familiarity gained by actual experience.

3. *Knowledge classified*, considered in its relations, arranged and grouped by the child, (not merely by his book or teacher) in accordance with the differences and similarities he has discovered.

## What is Nature Study?

The term "elementary science" refers mainly to the results of the work, classified knowledge. The term "nature study" has more reference to the material considered and the methods pursued. The material for study is nature, the physical environment of man. Nature study is not a study of books. Books may help; they may tell us about nature, but they are not nature. It is not listening to the teacher as she tells about nature, or what purports to be nature; it is not gazing with awed attention at the bright boy of the class as he tells what he has read or even seen about nature. This may be studying about nature, but it is not studying nature; — it is not nature study. By nature study we mean personal, individual, face to face contact with nature on the part of each pupil, and investigation by each pupil of his physical environment, that which is about him, beginning with that which is nearest to the child physically and psychologically.

Nature study is not merely a study of nature, but a study of nature under natural conditions so far as this is possible. The term science is apt to be associated in our minds with a laboratory and an array of instruments and appliances, and to suggest dissection and a mere study of form and structure. But nature is in constant action, changing, moving, living, developing. The things of nature are not mere forms or structures.

Science has been largely confined heretofore to the investigation of form and structure and plan. Nature study must include energy, activity, and life, must consider function and use as well as structure, and the ways in which use influences form and structure.

We must study the life and life-history of animals and plants, and the work performed by their various parts or organs, as well as their structure; the changes through which our rocks have passed or are passing, as well as the structure and components of these rocks; the forces which are affecting the earth and its inhabitants, as well as the earth itself. Otherwise we study only a part of nature, and that side of it which is least adapted to our elementary schools.

Allow me to recapitulate. As to material, elementary science or nature study is the investigation *by the child* of his physical environment, of life and action as well as structure and rest.

As to method, it is *actual, individual, personal, face to face* study of nature by the pupils themselves. It is *study* of nature and not merely sipping of a few of nature's sweets.

It is study of *nature* and not of books; it is compelling nature herself to give up her secrets and not getting them second-hand.

## Objects.

As to its purpose and object, it is, so far as we have considered it, to gain knowledge, "clear and certain perception," "familiarity gained by actual experience," and to classify that knowledge, tie it up in assorted bundles, ready for instant reference and use.

It may seem that I have given an undue amount of time and placed unnecessary emphasis on the definition of terms. But most teachers may agree with me as to what nature study is, and yet go to work and study under the guise of nature, anything and everything but nature. They will deliberately shut their eyes to nature, and confine the scope of their investigation within the two covers of a book. They will cram their pupils' heads full of memorized facts and names and classifications, and call that "nature study." No matter how earnest their spirit and honest their intention, the habits and training of a lifetime, which have made books crutches instead of helps, will assert themselves, and only after years of such work will they fully appreciate the fact that the real object of education is to develop power,

*Paper read before Chicago Principals' Association, April 7, 1894.

and not merely to acquire knowledge.

## The Child.

Does anyone ask: "Will nature study interest the child?" You will not ask it if you have ever guided and watched your pupils in any genuine nature study. If your pupils have watched the development of a bud, the germination of a seed, the metamorphosis of a butterfly, were they interested? Were they not simply wild?

I have never found anything else so intensely interesting to children of all grades and ages as genuine nature study. It is an almost daily occurrence for pupils, often high school seniors or juniors, to tell me, "I never studied anything which interested me so much." Scarcely a day passes that teachers in the grades do not speak of the enthusiasm of their pupils. In my visits to the different rooms, I see the children becoming so interested as they discover new wonders, see things in new relations, as new thoughts and conceptions dawn on them, and they begin to grasp the why and how of the world about them, so eager to see, so anxious to express what they have seen or what they think, that their seats will not hold them. The testimony is almost unanimous:—Nothing so interests the children as the nature study.

Is the child equally interested in all the divisions or phases of nature study? Watch the babe on the mother's knee and notice what attracts his attention. The movements and antics of the little brother or sister or whatever else is most active about him. Study the children as they play about us. What is the characteristic which impresses us? Action, action, action, almost incessant. What things interest them most? Those which go.

The more I study the child, the more I watch the children studying nature, the more certain am I that, in the elementary schools at least, nature must be approached from the physiological or dynamical side. Whatever the subject, the children will be most interested in life, action, change, forces. In animals, their habits and life-history, in plants, their development and growth are much more interesting than morphology or structure, and furnish the best possible introduction to structure.

The child who finds little to attract him in a seed will discover a world of interest in the growth of the seed. Later he can study its structure and it will have a new interest and meaning. The child who soon tires of the study of the parts of a cricket will investigate with wonderful interest the movements and feeding and chirping of the little creature. Then he parts will have a significance they never possessed before. The child who finds water and its properties and uses a weariness to the flesh, will never tire of tracing the journey of the water drop from the tea-kettle to sky, and cloud and rain, and back to the earth, and discovering what it has done, and what it has helped in its many changes.

If the child is to be our guide, we will make the study of nature in our lower grades almost entirely a study of life and action. In the upper grades, function can lead to structure and classification.

But why must the child be interested? Is interest an end or only a means? Going to the child for our answer and again appealing to our experience, we will agree, I believe, that through an awakened interest we can best develop his powers, and that through the exercise of these powers, we will be most successful in forming right habits. The same interest and resulting enthusiasm are the most effective means of cultivating his tastes and making the knowledge he acquires genuine knowledge—"clear and certain perception"—and a permament part of his mental possessions and equipment. "What we learn with pleasure we do not forget." Interest is only the gateway. But when the interest is captured, the way is open for a conquest.

Nature study provides material which interests the child, which gains and keeps his attention, which appeals to his senses. Through nature study the child gets clear, sharp ideas. By it he is literally captivated and captured.

Try it and see. See if the child is not interested as he never was interested before. See if his senses and mind do not become sharper and more alert, if the ideas he gains are not more clear and exact. With the teacher as with the child, nothing is more sure than what we see ourselves. Try it and see.

The child is captured: he is ours. What do we want to do with him? He has certain powers which must be developed. He must begin to compare, to detect differences and resemblances, to distinguish between essentials and non-essentials, to group and classify, if his store of knowledge is to be of much value. How can he compare more readily, more carefully, than in a study where he has the objects for constant reference? We wish to develop his powers of thinking and reasoning. What is better for this than the investigation of the why and how of the world around him?

"We never had such language work before," say scores of teachers. The children *want* to write now and have so much to tell. They take so much more interest and pride in their work. Is it strange, do you think? They really have ideas to express, interesting and absorbing ideas, not the shadowy pretences which they have been absorbing from their book or teacher.

The language work is not merely more clear, it is more exact, more truthful, better planned, more individual. If it is based on actual careful observation it must be truthful; if the observation is orderly, the written work is apt to be so also. If the teacher has insisted that each child shall observe for himself and make his own investigations, each child has his own individual ideas to express, not merely the ideas gained by the class as a whole.

I do not know which has been most marked and pleasing in the work in expression both in language and drawing in all grades, the increased interest and general classifying of ideas, or the higher regard for strict accuracy and truthfulness, and the very great development in individuality. It is the exception rather than the rule to find the customary sameness in the written work of a whole classs or roomful of pupils.

The work has helped wonderfully in leading the pupils to appreciate their own powers, to depend upon themselves, and in developing their individuality. It has been equally effective in impressing on the teacher the idea that they are teaching individual boys and girls and not merely a class or roomful.

The children never took so much interest in their drawing. Their work was never so satisfactory. Why? When children have ideas which are struggling for expression, they grasp at this the clearest and sharpest method of expression and the results are necessarily better.

I believe that I express the sentiments of a large majority of the principals and teachers in our St. Paul schools, when I say that nothing has helped and improved our work in language and drawing in all grades as has the science work.

We want our child not merely to develop his powers, but we want those powers to crystallize into habits. We want him not merely to have the *power* of seeing clearly and telling exactly, but we wish him to form the *habit* of clear vision and truthful expression. We want him to habitually think about his surroundings, to form the habit of personal investigation, to depend on himself, and grow by self-activity.

Science work, or, rather, the methods of work and study, of observation, investigation, expression and thought which should result from nature study rightly pursued, will, I am firmly convinced, be a most efficient means of developing our child, our bundle of possibilities, into a true man, a bundle of right habits.

Nature study alone is not going to do this, but the methods which are best exemplified in nature study. I would not be understood as claiming that this subject should take an undue proportion of the program. I am simply placing in near and broad perspective a study and method of study which in most of our schools has been so distant as to be very near the vanishing point.

Our pupil has tastes to be cultivated. He should be lifted to higher things. Will not the love of nature, the discovery of the mysteries and wonders of plant and animal life, the growing conception of the plan and purpose in nature, the ideas of unity and correlation, of mutual dependence and helpfulness, which his study brings, make him a better and a broader man and lead him up from nature to nature's God.

# Systematic Primary Work.

By ELIZABETH F. KEYSOR, Mankato, Minn.

MUCH well founded criticism on the lack of systematic work in our primary schools of to-day, is deservingly given.

It is largely due to the great amount of work attempted by the teacher and in her haste to do all at regular times she leaves the subject in hand before it is thoroughly and logically done.

For instance, we may begin the work in color with "red" for the first lesson. This will doubtless be given methodically and well as will the next two on blue and green, but then beginning to feel the pressure of time and finding it somewhat difficult to devise new and interesting ways to present the remaintng colors we administer them in one big dose, doing in fifteen minutes what it should have taken at least four periods of that length to do.

MARA L. PRATT.
Author "Fairyland of Flowers," "American History Stories," etc.

Sometime before the year closes we may accuse the children of stupidity because they do not know what is expected of them concerning the colors taught; — the blame lies at our own door. Let us clear ourselves by retracing our steps and doing the work systematically, as we began.

But some one says that for lack of time, she was obliged to teach its use that way or not at all. This is not true philosophically, for more time is consumed in doing a thing poorly than in doing it well. And then, do not begin in the first year to instill into the minds intrusted to our care the "American rush." Better never give the idea of color than in such an unmethodical way.

Color work is cited because it is the most charming first work to give those fresh from the home. It aids the teacher in many ways to gain control of the hands feet and tongues of the newcomers.

Another plea for systematic work is its influence over the needed seat work much of which is simply a waste of time and energy for both teacher and pupils. Good, methodical work in all lines will furnish more profitable seat work than one can possibly find time to do.

If we have a plan for the year's work, the month's work, the week's work, then systematic work *must* be the result. The finest work it has been my privilege to observe was done by a teacher who made for each day a definite outline. Her power was felt upon entering the room, for the very atmosphere exhaled the results of her logical way of working.

Then, too, make each lesson given, grow out of, as it were, its preceding one. Have the day's work connected. Don't say, "Now, children, we shall have number for fifteen minutes this morning and then no more to-day." Make every lesson a number lesson. I believe a truer conception of number has been given to children from some little reading lessons than during the few moments each day devoted especially to number drill. Every lesson can be interwoven with the other in a highly beneficial and delightful way.

Have an elastic program. What I mean is this: most certainly have a good program with a regular amount of time assigned to each lesson, but if a color lesson grows out of a number lesson by all means give the color work rather than some other simply because the other is on your program for that particular time.

# Questions on History of Pedagogy.

Prepared by SUPT. GREENWOOD, (Kansas City) for the benefit of his teachers. Answers to be returned to the superintendent at a given date.)

1. (*a*) What is the Socratic method, and to what extent do you use it?

(*b*) What weret he characteristics of Aristotle's plan of education, and to what extent do modern systems of schools conform to Aristotle's views?

(*c*) In what respects are modern educational nations in harmony with the leading conceptions of the Greeks? In what respects do they differ?

2. (*a*) What is ment by the term Scholasticism? Can you trace the influence of Scholasticism in our high schools and colleges?

(*b*) Mention the fundamental characteristics of the Middle Ages. Which of them, if any, remain in the public school system of Germany?

(*c*) In what respects are your practices in advance of the teaching of Rabelais? In what respects below?

3. (*a*) Compare the educational teaching of Luther and La Salle.

(*b*) Compare the educational views of Comenius and Locke. Make analysis clear.

(*c*) Compare the educational views of Protestantism and Catholicism in the 17th century.

4. (*a*) What educational theories taught by Rousseau do you practice in your school work?

(*b*) Discuss three of the most important factors in the pictured education of Emile.

(*c*) What, to your mind, were the best views of Diderot on education?

5. (*a*) What were Kant's views on punishment? Compare them with your views.

(*b*) Who was Rolland, and for what great ideas are we indebted to him?

(*c*) Who taught "analogous ideas," and what effect did his teaching have upon the history of France?

6. (*a*) What was Lakanal's opinion in the need of normal schools? How did he influence legislation in this respect? What was the final result of his views?

(*b*) Review the life of Pestalozzi.

(*c*) Review the educational theories of Pestalozzi, and explain which of them you follow in your teaching.

7. (*a*) Compare Froebel with Pestalozzi.

(*b*) Compare Froebel with Pere Girard.

(*c*) How much is modern education indebted to Froebel and Girard? What do you use that they advocated in teaching?

8. (*a*) Compare the educational works and theories of Miss Edgeworth and Madame Campan.

(*b*) Compare the educational works and theories of Madame Guizot and Madame Necker.

(*c*) What are the leading arguments in favor of co-education?

9. (*a*) What are the essentials of a good educational system?

(*b*) What professional training should a teacher have before entering upon a teachers work?

(*c*) Compare English and American systems of primary instruction.

10. (*a*) Compare the views of Herbart and Spencer on educational methods.

(*b*) Compare the views of Alexander Bain and Horace Mann on the aim and scope of the education of citizens.

(*c*) In what respect do you think the study of "The History of Pedagogy" has been of benefit to you?

## September.

By FANNIE A. COMSTOCK, Normal School, Bridgewater, Mass.

"If all the year were keeping holidays
To sport would be as tedious as to work."

WHO doubts it? Next to the joy of resuming work, is that of laying it down for a little while; but that rest is a lesser joy than work is a fact not to be forgotten, It is good to relax every tense strain of mind and body during July's burning suns and August's languid reign, but who does not welcome September and all that it means?

What bit of philosophy can we glean from the last two months to take into the opening year?

The essential idea of vacation is change, and the wise man does not wait for rare and stated periods in which to remember it. One of the most eloquent and vivid touches which I remember in Dickens, is his description of Coketown, "inhabited by people equally like one another, who all went in and out at the same hours, with the same sound upon the same pavements, to do the same work, and to whom every day was the same as yesterday and to-morrow, and every year the counterpart of the last and the next."

We count ourselves especially happy, supremely happy, that our work is not of the Coketown kind; that while it is true that all labor performed with fidelity becomes noble, our tasks have the light of eternal morning, the freshness of perpetual youth, the possibilities of endless change. Yet possibilities are one thing, fulfilment is another.

It is the fashion now to make merry over the Puritan conscience, which, descended upon their children, is supposed to make the typical denizen of New England somewhat more angular and uncomfortable, more austere and dejected, than the rest of the world. Perhaps it is this inherited leaven working in us that makes it so easy to be swamped in our profession. It would be a far wiser arrangement if the things required of us were seen in their true relative values. Not *teacher* first, last, always, and only, but citizen of the universe as well.

We live in a realm of fact, but close beside us lies the world of fancy, into which we may withdraw at will. Next to perfect health perhaps nothing so touches our happiness, as that this world of imagination should be fresh, bright, and close at hand. From it come our working models of all kinds, thither we repair for fresh inspiration, there we may live in a radiant dream with Prue, however meagre and bare the walls. But the tissue of the dream must be woven of many threads. If we pin ourselves down to a Coketown existence without light or color, woe betide us. How to make each day, each week, each year, something different from the last, must be the study.

One resolution on which our good angels might smile, is not to allow one holiday to pass without leaving us somewhat gayer and gladder than it found us. Probably there is a distinct physical gain in giving ourselves now and then a rare pleasure. Perhaps there is also a moral gain, which may explain the advice a distinguished preacher once gave his hearers, to enjoy as much good music as possible.

One lesson, then, to be learned from vacation, is to carry the spirit of vacation through the year, doing our work the better because now and again we forget it in play. So, though we seek as we may to vary our lives with all innocent variety of pleasure within our reach, there will be a central unity in all the variety, if we seek our diversions not in idle whim, but in the clear conviction that the chosen work of our hands is best done only as we live broadly, happily, sympathetically, human beings among human beings.

### Noble Words and Deeds.

"Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,
Our hearts, in glad surprise,
To higher levels rise.

The tidal wave of deeper souls
Into our inmost being rolls,
And lifts us unawares
Out of all meaner cares."

## Co-ordination in Number.

By MARY E. KINGSBURY, Brookline, Mass.

THE materials needed in developing the following exercises with first year pupils, are, circular pasteboard disks one and a half inches in diameter, and a linear rule. I consider the foot rule rather clumsy for this work, and as six inch rules can not be obtained in any of the school supply stores, I make them of thick, flexible manilla paper and mark upon them lines denoting the inch and half inch. I divide the disks into halves and quarters by a pencil mark.

One lesson in teaching the use of this material is all that is required with enough supervision later to insure accurate work. It is given to a dozen or fifteen children at once. I tell them we will call these disks cakes and I write on the blackboard "1 cake" at the same time asking them to place the disk near the upper left hand corner of the slate or paper, to begin at the lowest mark and draw round the disk. (Insist upon having the circle drawn towards the left as in the freehand drawing of a circle.)

Then I ask them to place a small mark above and below the circle where they see one on the disk — to lay the disk aside, and with their measure draw a vertical line through the centre of the "cake." I call upon some one to tell me how many halves in one cake, and as I write "2 halves" on the board the children write it through the center of their circle or at the right of it. (Fig. 1.)

I then write "1 cake and a half" below the "1 cake" previously written, and the children draw one circle and half way round another for the half cake. "How many halves have we now?" "3 halves." (Fig. 2.) This is expressed with the pencil and I add to the list on the board until, when completed it reads:

| | |
|---|---|
| 1 cake. | 3 cakes. |
| 1 cake and a half. | 3 cakes and a half. |
| 2 cakes. | 4 cakes. |
| 2 cakes and a half. | 4 cakes and a half. |

5 cakes.

Unless the disks are smaller than the size denoted, there will not be room upon slate or paper for the full list, therefore I indicate where they shall stop. After a week or more, I erase the first three lines of the list and the time is spent on the remaining lines.

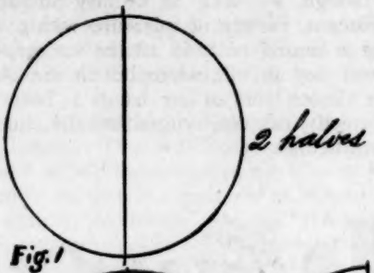


Fig. 1

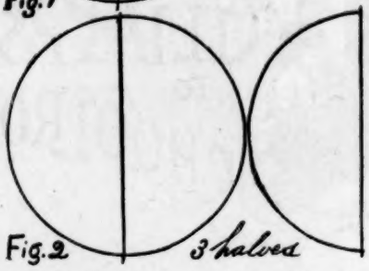


Fig. 2

The list for quarters reads:

1 cake.
1 cake and 1 quarter.
1 cake and 2 quarters.
1 cake and 3 quarters.
2 cakes.
2 cakes and 1 quarter.
2 cakes and 2 quarters.
2 cakes and 3 quarters.
3 cakes.

What is gained in these lessons? Accuracy in dividing circles into halves and fourths, knowledge of halves and fourths contained therein, a little spelling, and practice in neat arrangement of work.

It is well to change the name of the object to be divided from time to time, and to give questions relating to them in the daily oral number lessons.

Before the children have become weary of this work the following may be substituted. Ask them to draw near upper left corner of the slate a horizontal line three inches

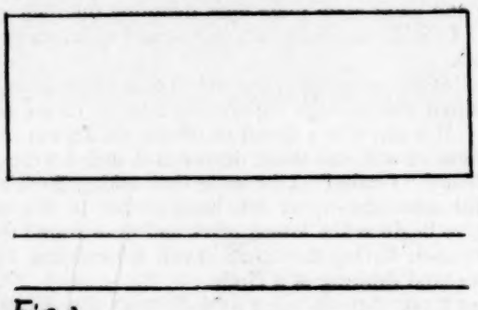

Fig. 3

long; a vertical line at the left, touching horizontal, one inch long; the same at the right, and one three inches long at the lower edge. "What is the shape of the figure you have drawn?" "How many long sides has it?" "How many short sides?" etc. "We will call this oblong a garden." Please draw a horizontal line four inches long one half inch below the garden and another the same distance below the first. (Fig. 3.) Upon the first line write "3 inches long;" upon the second, "1 inch wide."

Ask the children to draw another garden near the one you have dictated that will contain a different number of inches and to tell you with their pencils how long and how wide it is. Leave the words "inch," "inches," "long," "wide" on the board for the benefit of the children who do not spell readily. They will delight to fill the slate with "gardens" and an opportunity is given them to exercise their thought in deciding what the dimensions of each garden shall be. Later, a lesson should be given with inch square tablets at the number table.

Ask children to make you a garden and to tell you how many square inches it contains. Covers of books, envelopes, etc., may be represented. For seat work these objects may be drawn and divided into square inches, the pencil telling the number of square inches contained in each object. In the garden work added interest may be given by placing the names of various flowers and trees on the board, each child writing the names of certain favorites within his gardens.

NOTE — (The disks may be obtained at Dennison's, Franklin St. Boston; the manilla paper for rules at Perry's, 73 Fulton St. Boston.)

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# Primary Reading.

**From the C. C. N. S. Envelope.**

## Iris' Bridge.

**(First Grade.)**

Iris' father was the sun.
Her mother was the beautiful water-drop.
The sun loved Iris very dearly.
He gave her dresses of beautiful colors.
He made her his messenger to earth.
One day Water-drop and the sun made Iris a wonderful bri ige
They made it of the seven colors she liked best.
It looked like a great bow.
It reached from heaven to earth.
It was fastened to earth by a great pot of gold.
This pot of gold always stayed in the ground.
But boys and girls have never found it.
Sometimes Iris comes down to earth in the morning.
Can you guess what she tells the sailors?
Sometimes she comes in the evening.
Then the sailors like best to see her.
Have you ever seen her wonderful bridge?
Do you know the Indian story of the rain-bow?

## Cave Men.

**(Second Grade.)**

If there were no cities, no houses, no streets, what would you do for a home? Suppose you and your friends were in the world with nothing that men made.

While you were looking about for a good place to live, you might meet a beast. If he seemed fierce I am sure you would run. How glad you would be to see a tree. You would call it home. As long as it protected you, you would live in it.

But some animals can climb trees. Snakes and monkeys can. The cat family have good claws for climbing. You might not like them for neighbors. And a tree would not protect you from storms.

You could pile up rocks and branches to make you a hut. Or dig a cave in the side of a hill. How much easier though, to find a cave already made.

The river sometimes washes out caves. Perhaps you could find one near the river. It would be good to live near a river. The river would give water to drink and fish to eat.

There were people long, long, long ago who lived in caves. We call them Cave Men. These Cave Men had to fight with great bears, cave lions and hyenas. They used the skin of these animals for clothing. There were other animals in those days, larger than any we have now.

I wonder which is harder to kill, a large animal or a small one? Did the bravest Cave Man have the largest coat?

At first these people had only rocks with which to defend themselves. You see the river was their good friend again. The river brings rocks and pebbles. What kinds of stones make the best weapons? The Cave Men liked hard, sharp ones. But sharp stones are not easy to find. So these men began to chip rocks and make them sharp. They must have struck two stones together, for you know there were no hammers. Flint is a hard stone. It chips off easily. We find these weapons in some of the old caves. They have been buried thousands and thousands of years. There are hatchets, knives, scrapers and arrow-heads.

Wouldn't you like to know about the first man who made a bow and arrow? How proud he must have been. He could reach even the birds. But all these weapons were only rough stone. Nobody knew how to make them smooth.

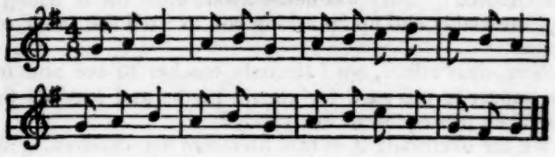
The Cave Men could make ornaments. How do you suppose a cave woman looked in a fur dress with shell and bone ornaments? Bone was made into needles, too. Strange looking weapons were made from the reindeer's horns.

The one who first kept alive a spark of fire found a good friend. With fire the Cave Men could cook food. At night they could sleep beside their fires. The wild beasts would be afraid of the fire.

You know how fire has always helped people in making dishes. Even the Cave Men had dishes. I wish we knew just what they had to eat in those dishes.

## Morning Song.

LITTLE EYES.



"Little eyes, little eyes,
Open with the morning light,
Upward look, upward look,
Heaven's morn is always bright.

Little heart, little heart,
Full of laughter, full of glee,
Beat with love, beat with love
For the Lord who blesses thee.

Little hands, little hands,
Busy with the kite or doll,
Learn ye may, work or play,
Daily to do good to all."

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# The Point of View.

By FANNY A. COMSTOCK, State Normal School, Bridgewater, Mass.

I

VACATION had been a series of wild delights to Howard. Beach days, days at the mountains, and days at the farmhouse.

But it was all over and now a great ugly cloud was rising to shut out all this sunshine, for the first week in September drew near, and that meant school. If it had been entirely new Howard might not have dreaded it so much, but he had one term's experience in the school-room, not of the pleasantest nature.

Boys that he never saw anywhere else,— though to be sure he did not care to see them oftener than necessity compelled;— he remembered one day when they followed him half home, teasing and persecuting. Instead of his mamma, a tall, sober Miss Smith, who watched him unpleasantly and rapped with her pencil when he turned round.

Howard got up Monday morning with a heavy heart. He had not expressed all his feelings on the subject, even to his mamma; partly from a helpless feeling that it would do no good, partly because knowing that the way of the world was for boys to go to school, he felt ashamed of his reluctance. But when half-past eight came, nature would have her way, and he begged earnestly that he might stay at home. "O mamma, I don't want to go! I don't want to go! Please let me stay at home!" And the tears came.

Of course it tore his mamma's heart, but of course he had to go. Perhaps when Howard is a man he will have few experiences more bitter to his strong man's heart than that walk proved to his childish soul. He did not need the memory of vacation pleasures to heighten his grief. They did heighten it, but the sorest trial was in leaving his sweet home where people loved him, for a different world of tasks and restraints, presided over by Miss Smith.

His mamma had called after him smilingly from the doorway, "I know you will like it better than you think." These words comforted him inexpressibly on the way, but it was a shrinking, red-eyed little creature that appeared at the school-room door ten minutes after nine.

The first bewildering thought was, "It isn't Miss Smith!" It had not occured to his childish mind that there could be any one else at that desk. She saw him as he opened the door, and before he had recovered from his bewilderment, that vision of smiles and kind eyes and pretty hair and pretty dress had come to his side, and had her arm around him just like his mamma. There was no resisting those eyes, and in about seven seconds and a half Howard went over to the enemy, the articles of surrender being understood, though not formally ratified.

II.

"I shall go with George the first morning, to ask Miss Ames to be careful about his getting cold," said Mrs. Johnson to her husband.

"Of course you know best, but do you suppose she will remember it? Suppose all the mothers did the same."

"Yes, Edward, I have thought of that. In a way it must be a bother, still, I think if I were a teacher, I should be willing to take a little pains for the sake of the children's health. You know how easily George takes cold, and how invariably it settles in his throat. The doctor says he will outgrow it in time if we can only get him safely through the next few years. I think it is too important a matter to run any risk. With ordinary care he does well enough, but he mustn't get his feet wet, and he musn't sit in a draught."

"I suppose we take a little risk in sending him," "Don't, please, Edward. It has been hard enough to nerve myself to sending him. But you know he is old now, and I do believe in public schools. He needs contact with children, with many children. There is risk in everything. If we wrapped him in cotton wool and kept him by the fire he would be sure to take cold from a draught down the chimney. I have decided that he ought to go, but while I don't want to be fussy, I must speak to Miss Ames about him."

"Yes, I think I would. I only hope there is any chance of her remembering it. It may be a rather important thing for us that she should."

III.

"My dear, how do we live through first days? I had fifty-three the first day, including thirty babies!"

"Angels and ministers of grace defend us from mothers, at least some mothers! I had more scholars and more babies than you did, and *seventeen mothers*. I never felt more like a whited sepulchre than when I smiled sweetly, and promised to remember it all."

"On principle I sympathize with them perfectly. I want to know everything they can possibly tell me about the children, but I wish they would come one at a time."

"Just put the situation into plain English and see how it sounds. Given twenty (more or less) absolutely new children, all looking alike,— you know they always do at first— and hardly able to tell their names distinctly; a dozen (more or less) equally unknown mothers, sitting on the side seats; twenty (more or less) last year's children, demoralized and restless from vacation,— to prove that one teacher can take all the mothers' charges to heart and fit them to the right children, and keep the wheels moving at the same time, without losing her wits! How is that for a mathematical puzzle?"

"And yet how can the situation be avoided?"

"We might post a notice on the school-room door, 'Special invitation will be issued to mothers.' Then we might send for them one at a time. "Miss Rand begs the favor of Mrs. Green's company at school Thursday afternoon.' Being by that time tolerably familiar with the concept Johnny Green, we should be in a state to profit by Mrs. Green's confidences."

"It practically comes to that, with the calling on our side. If we trusted to first-day information, we should get it hopelessly mixed; put the near-sighted child in the back seat and do the wrong thing generally. I always call on the new mothers as soon as I can tell the children apart, and that straightens matters out."

"How can you take the time? I never do it."

"As I said before, I want to know everything the mother can tell me about the child, and a great deal more beside. It makes the children seem different ever afterward, to see them at home. When I catch myself growing hard and cross, I call on a mother, and that brings back the personal, individual aspect of the child. It makes it easier to be patient, to be able suddenly to call up the home environment. If it is wretched, I think how much that excuses them. If it is happy, I feel ashamed to give them anything lower than the home level. To be sentimental, if you choose to call it so, I find that I need often to remind myself that every one of my children is "somebody's darling."

# Literature for Babies.

## Letter From a Teacher.

*Dear Editor:—*

I wonder if the experience of any other teacher has been like mine, in giving to the children the popular myths and legends that are now regarded as the proper literature for children.

"The children *like* them!" O, yes. But I find they like them just in proportion as they are startling and thrilling, and that they grow restless under them just in the degree in which they become reasonable and probable. That is just where the trouble is. The child's imagination grows in advance of the stories themselves and demands far more murders and more horrors than even the myths themselves can furnish.

It seems to me it is similar to the way in which the alcohol fever grows on the human stomach. There may be a dilution at first, and a small quantity may meet the craving; but little by little the quantity must be increased and the strength in proportion, to meet the ever increasing demand.

Now I do not believe that any reading is good for children that makes a simple unexciting story of daily life seem flat and unenjoyable afterwards.

Let us take the time-honored, Little Red Riding Hood. This has been considered as proper diet for children since girls, red hoods and wolves have existed.

The children listen with their hearts beating faster and faster, while she wolf gains admittance to the grandmother's house; then — O, delightful! — the wolf eats the grandmother! The listeners are now bloodthirsty for another eating scene and hold their breath while Red Riding Hood goes to the bed to talk to the supposed grandmother. Every step toward the approaching tragedy is deliciously frightful, and when the fateful words, "Better to eat you, my dear," bring the thrill of the expected ending, the swift arrow of the huntsman dealing death to the wolf is an unwelcome interference and a positive disappointment to the wrought-up audience. The open mouthed little children come back to earth again and to the every day affairs of life with a decided unwillingness.

Why do children plead for this story generation after generation and never tire of it? Leave out the danger and horror of it and little Red Riding Hood might be as amiable and kind hearted in carrying nice things for her grandmother to eat, but the nineteenth century little children would never trouble themselves about her. She would be altogether too unexciting to "draw."

Again I have seen Perseus given in a list of desirable stories for *first year* children.

This young man is sent out for the head of the Gorgon Medusa, a "most strange and terrible monster that had ever been since the world was made. Instead of locks of hair it had a hundred enormus snakes on its head, all alive, twisting, wriggling, curling and thrusting out their venonous tongues, with forked stings at the end! Their bodies were all over scales and they had splendid wings that shone like pure gold as they went flying about in the sunshine." (Hawthorne.)

At this stage of the story every shy little child who is afraid to go to bed in the dark will be brave enough in the daylight and with others about him to be ready to exclaim excitedly, "O! what a lovely story! Tell us some more! Did he get that dreadful head?"

Now an ignorant nurse would be dismissed from service for telling children anything that approached this in horror, and is it any better because it is a *classic?*

But wait till the dark really comes and these little children who have been properly instructed in classic literature at school;—what vision presents itself then? Is a Medusa head with a hundred snakes curling and twisting a desirable thing for a vision just as they are to go away alone to sleepland?

Does any teacher think I am exaggerating this matter?

Let her try to follow that story—even the next day—with a pure simple little story of children out in the fields with trees, and brooks, and butterflies, and have nothing strange or exciting happen to these children for an overstimulant to the imagination and see how long it will "hold" the children! They will nestle about while she is telling it and invariably end up by asking you to "tell the other one again."

Now, dear editor, am I the only teacher to see and feel the danger in this rage for classic myths and legends that has taken possession of everybody?

We are overdoing it — this literature for children. We are not discriminating. "All we like sheep have gone astray"— yes, just like sheep; first one starts off and all the rest follow. It seems to me it is time to stop and think.

Yours for simplicity,

RACHEL REXFORD.

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# Indian Training of Children.

(We have something to learn from the manner in which the Indians train their children. The following extract is from "Recollections of the Wild Life" in March *St. Nicholas*, by Dr. Charles A. Eastman.)

Much has been said about Indian children's "instincts." To be sure, we inherit some of the characteristics of our ancestors, but the greater part of our faculties we had to acquire by practice. All the stoicism and patience of the Indian are acquired traits.

My uncle, who educated me, was a severe and strict teacher. When I left his tepee for the day, he would say to me, "Hakada, watch everything closely and observe its characteristics;" and at evening, on my return, he used to catechise me for an hour or so. "On which side of the trees is the lighter-colored bark? On which side do they have most regular branches?" It was his custom to let me name all the new birds that I had seen during the day. I would name them according to the color, or habits, or the shape of the bill, or their song, or the appearance and locality of their nest,—in fact, anything about the bird which impressed me as characteristic.

We went much deeper into this science when I was a little older—that is, about the age of eight or nine years. He would say, for instance, "How do you know that there are fish in the lake?" "Because they jump out of the water for flies at midday." He would smile at my prompt but superficial reply. What do you think of the little pebbles grouped together under the shallow water, and how came the rivulet-like and pretty curved marks in the sand under the water, and the little sand-banks? Where do you find the fish-eating birds? By the fishless water? Have the inlet and the outlet of a lake anything to do with the question? He did not expect a correct reply at once to all the voluminous questions he put to me, but he meant to make me observant and careful in studying nature. . . .

With all this our manners and morals were not neglected. I was made to respect the adults and especially the aged. I was not allowed to join in their discussions or even to speak in their presence unless requested to do so. Indian etiquette was perfect in these respects, and I am glad to say that it is still observed by some. We were taught generosity to the poor, and reverance for the "Great Mystery." Religion was the basis of all Indian training.

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## Thistle Seeds.

"It is going to rain! It is going to rain!" cried the little flower fairies. "Never mind," answered the thistle; here are little white umbrellas for you all." Then the thistle scattered its little umbrellas in the air, and the fairies scampered home safe and dry.

"The thistle is ripe. See, it is shaking off the seeds," said a big boy standing near.

"How stupid boys and girls are!" laughed the thistle. "They don't half know what is going on in our own beautiful flower world."

# Kindergarten Spirit in Primary Work. VI.

By S. Lilian Blaisdell, Minneapolis.

## Elementary Meteorology.

WHAT conditions of terrestrial nature, whether organic or inorganic, are not dependent upon conditions of *weather?*

If, as Col. Parker says, geography, geology, mineralogy, physics, and chemistry are but phases of one subject and that *meteorology*, and vitally *dependent* upon these are botany, zoology, etc., is it not of the *first* importance that elementary meteorology go hand in hand with our elementary plant, animal, and mineral lessons, so called?

But mere isolated observations of weather conditions: "It is warm to-day," "It rains," or "The wind blows," written in a certain corner of the black-board, and when to-morrow comes, erased to give place for the next report, are quite inadequate for desired results. Only as thorough, systematic and progressive work as we plan for our plant lessons will gain from the study its real value.

We cannot preserve weather conditions for comparison, nor gather them when wanted, as we can botanical specimens; nevertheless, weather conditions *must* be compared if their respective values in affecting changes are to be measured.

Memory is inadequate to retaining the necessary details; some permanent record, adapted, not only to the child's comprehension but his ability to read quickly, must be kept from day to day.

For the first year, I find most helpful the kindergarten idea of pictorial records or those indicated by symbols.

Last year I prepared, as depositories for weather observations, charts of gray paper $2\frac{1}{2} \times 2$ ft. inscribing upon each, with lumber crayon, the ordinary monthly calendar, as per miniature below (minus the child's work.)

Our special observation and recording time has been the first period in the afternoon, because afternoon conditions are more conspicuously harmonious, as to cause and effect, than early in the morning, when causes, either lost to observation or too indirectly atmospheric, play an important part.

Direction of wind is indicated by position of paper arrows (weather vanes); yellow arrows on warm days, white on cold days. Cloudy weather is indicated by gray circles of different tones; snow, by a white six-pointed star, rain by black dotted lines. Length of day and night, by narrow strips of paper, white and black. This last is recorded but once a month, first authority taken from the time tables of an almanac. Only as winter approaches do the children begin to *observe* the changing day.

During the first month or two, the chart is laid flat upon the table before affixing the arrow, that no confusion may arise between the true directions and map directions. Gradually the difference is called to notice as the chart is hung up; and the distinction is soon learned.

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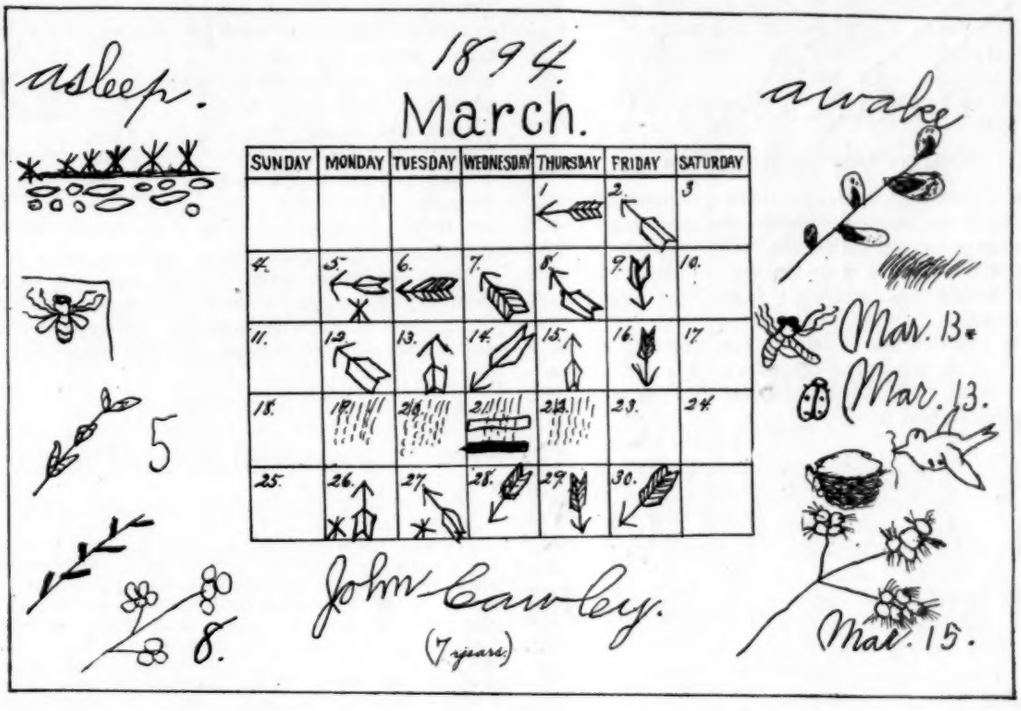


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The margins display characteristic features of the month: September is adorned with fruit and vegetables which ripen in that month (clippings from can-labels and elsewhere), goldenrod, etc.; October, with autumn leaves, bursting milkweed pods, etc.; November, with the coming of Jack Frost (impersonated), the flight of birds, plant life at rest, and Thanksgiving scenes; etc.

With March the children began keeping individual records, small calendars being hektographed for the purpose. The above is a *fac-simile* illustration.

It will readily be seen that with this form of record, comparisons are but the work of a glance. Which winds, as a rule, bring warm weather, which cold, which rain? What agents put the flowers, etc., to sleep? Which agents awaken them? Why didn't the butterflies and frogs greet us as soon as did the pussy willow? When a certain wind blows or certain clouds appear what may we expect? Directly and *indirectly?* Moreover, with these charts arranged consecutively across the wall, they present a very appreciable summary of the year's activities.

Incidental to this work of the first year, are lessons on evaporation, cloud formation, snowflakes, frost action on soil, the use of the thermometer, time, place, and direction. Lessons out-dóor as often as possible. Myths in connection may be found in Cooke's "Nature Myths."

By studying meteorology from the very first and other nature work in constant relation to it, thus unifying cause and effect, we give a *setting* to science study that nothing else can supply in facilitating its progress and increasing its practical benefits.

## "Now They are in the School-room."

There were yellow heads in the mountain,
And yellow heads by the sea;
And now they are in the school-room,
As busy as they can be.

But the yellow heads from the mountains,
Remember the dear old rocks;
And how they would climb and clamber
About with their "alpenstocks."

And the yellow heads from the seaside
Sit dreaming of sands and caves;
Of bright blue skies, and of sunshine,
Of foam on the "white-cap" waves.

And it's *very* hard to remember
The lessons they learned before,
When folks are dreaming of mountains,
And sands, and the dear seashore.

—*J. M. L.*

## The Cube's Story.

By HELENA PEARSON, Whitman, Mass.

SCHOOL was over. All the little girls and boys had said good-bye to one another and had gone home. The room was very still and not a sound could be heard except the clock's even ticking. But, no! If one had been listening very carefully, a funny little sound could have been heard.

At first it sounded like a little mouse, gnawing a hole in wood. By and by this sound ceased and the little mouse's voice said, "Well, I *should* like to know who you are! Do you always live in that box?"

Now if we could have lifted the box cover and peeped in, I think we should have seen whom the mouse was talking to through the little round hole which his sharp teeth had made in the box. Lying there in the box were several little cubes, spheres, and cylinders which the children in school had been using that morning.

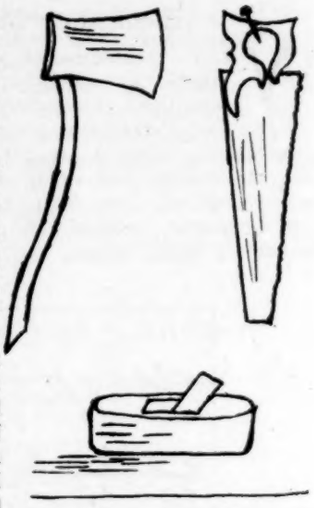
Mr. Cube answered the mouse's question. "Yes," said he, "This box is my home now, though it hasn't always been. I could tell you a great many things about what I have seen in the world if you care to hear such a long story."

The little mouse said it would like to listen to the story very much and promised to keep as still as any little mouse could, which is *very* still indeed, you know. So Mr. Cube told his story and this is what he said:

"Once upon a time there grew in the forest a very tall, strong tree with a great many branches on every side. This tree did 'not grow very near its brothers and sisters but stood up all alone. The tall trunk of the tree which held the wood was covered over with thick bark to protect it. One day some woodmen came up to this tree and they began to chop the poor tree down.

Then the log—for this is what they called the tree now after it was chopped down—was placed on the woodmen's team and hauled to a saw-milll. A great buzzing noise was heard and the log found itself placed in a row with many others and a sharp, round saw cut the wood in two. When the saw had finished its work what do you suppose had happened? Why, the log had been cut into many little square blocks. These were taken to a carpenter's and with his tools he smoothed and cut away the rough blocks until they looked as smooth as I do now."

"That was a long story," said the mouse. "But how do you know so much about the tree, living here in your little box?"



This question made the little cube laugh so hard that he slid against his brother, the sphere, and set him rolling and laughing too. "Why, don't you see, dear little mouse?" said the cube. "I am made of wood and I was a part of that tree all the time. When it was growing in the forest I was part of its wood, growing too. When the branches and bark were taken away I was still left in the log. But not till the carpenter had sawed and planed and shaped one of those little blocks of which I told you, did I look as I do now, like a cube. All my little brothers in this box are made of wood also, though we do not look just alike as you see."

Then the mouse said, "Thank you, Mr. Cube for your story," and he would have said more, but just then he thought he heard a step, so he scampered away very fast, and silence reigned once more in the school room.

## From Slate to Paper.

### Valuable Hints for Seat Work.

(As many towns and cities are trying the experiment of snbstituting pencil and paper for the time-honored slate in the primary schoolrooms, I have requested Miss Kingsbury of Brookline (Mass.), who has recently passed triumphantly through the transition state from slate to paper, to give her experience of the results of the change as seen in her own school room. She has kindly consented to do so, and it is hoped that every primary teacher will read carefully the reply given below, and make the experiment with the blackboard program which Miss Kingsbury has ingeniously hit upon as a way out of the difficulties that arose in making the exchange.—Ed.)

*Dear Editor:* In reply to your request that I should give you my experience in laying aside slates and using paper solely, I will try to express myself clearly. If I fail, your readers will, perhaps, realize that it is not an easy matter to give in detail the daily work of the schoolroom on paper.

While I thoroughly believe in the use of paper, one who has never discarded the slate cannot understand how defenceless one feels without it. Its use fills many a yawning gap in the seat work period, and this fact is a good argument among others against its presence in the schoolroom. One is forced to exercise ingenuity to supply something to take its place, and, it is to be hoped, to give the children better employment.

First year teachers, as a rule, labor under two disadvantages; the loss of time necessary to distribution of material for seat work, and the fact that a number of the class finish the allotted task in advance of the others. These difficulties, I feel, were obviated by the program plan adopted last year which gave the children something to do when they had no slates with which to busy themselves after one piece of work was finished.

During the first two months I do not put the program upon the blackboard. I give simple forms of seat work, supervising where possible, or start the children in the seats in a line of work which will occupy them while I am engaged with a division at the board. Indeed, no very definite directions can be given for this period; one must "do the best she can" until the children gain in ability to work by themselves.

In order to save time by having material at hand, I gave

each child a spool box partly filled with the large colored pegs which Milton Bradley sells at ten cents per thousand, and a number of small cards with "two," "three," "four" etc., written upon them. The boxes can be obtained at a dry goods store. The box was placed on the desk at the upper right hand corner and a strong cord passed around it and under the desk; this keeps it in place, and the height of the box keeps the cord sufficiently elevated to allow the pencil to lie in the groove of the desk. Later, material for varied number work, and for fraction work are added to the contents of the box.

We will suppose the usual morning lesson in writing has been given, which, of course, I have supervised. The attention of the children is called to the blackboard where I have written in a large hand,— Peg Work. This means that they shall use the pegs in the box in number combinations already taught and which at this period are placed on the blackboard in the rainbow order of colors. I have made with colored chalk, we will say, these combinations:

The children imitate with pegs, making three rows upon the desk, and soon learn to select the right word from the box to place below each group. Thus, when completed, the children have shown me, in the brief period I snatch to glance at their work, that they understand which word to place under 1 and 2, 2 and 2, etc.; in short, they have told me, without words, the answers to the combinations represented. As new facts in number are taught they take the place of the former ones. This work precedes the use of figures.

When a child has finished the work indicated, he looks at the board and sees written below "Peg Work,"— "Words." This means that he shall take from his desk an envelope in which he will find six cards; upon each a small picture of a familiar object has been pasted, with the name written below. He will also find ten small cards belonging to each picture, (three fourths of an inch wide by one and a fourth long,) upon which the name of the object has also been written. He places the pictures across his desk and proceeds to lay below each the ten words that correspond to the word written upon the pictures. The picture tells him the name of the object and in the course of a week I find the child can tell me what each card says without referring to the picture. I write on the back of the envelope the names of the pictures inside, so that a picture or word may and its rightful envelope if lost. The envelopes are rotated, so that each child has, to him, a new envelope each week.

This work finished, the child again refers to the blackboard and sees a simple design drawn below "Words." He makes it a number of times with pegs, or he may see the word "Rainbows," and groups his pegs according to the rainbow order. He looks again at the board and sees — "Recess." If that welcome hour is not at hand he finds in his desk a reader and amuses himself with the pictures it contains.

After recess he finds other words on the board which tell him what to do. Towards the close of the session the children who have finished the work allotted are allowed to go, one at a time, to a table and take from it a box of sliced animals, a picture book, or anything they may chance to find that will fill the time remaining.

I will not proceed farther with a detailed account of my program, as I fear my answer would be too long and as seat work varies so much in different schools, one teacher can hardly arrange it for another. It is only necessary for teachers to bear a few facts in mind; (1.) The children readily learn to read the program. (2.) Be sure to make frequent changes in it, though as a rule, one at a time. (3.) Although you may find it difficult at first to make a satisfactory working program the ability to do so will increase, and you will save *your* time and that of the *pupils*. (4.) Do not feel that the program must be slavishly followed. If you have taught the class or a division of it a fact you wish to emphasize and can do so by a seat exercise bearing upon that fact, by all means waive the program and substitute the new work; even if program work is in progress. There are many days, however, when the work indicated on the board can be followed, and it should be arranged to bear directly upon the subjects in hand.

The first year teacher is more heavily taxed with regard to seat work than the teacher in any other grade — the kindergarten not excepted. There, all work is supervised; in the second and third grades the children are old enough to follow the teacher's directions intelligently, and have developed sufficient power to keep well enployed. The first year teacher must think and plan *ad infinitum* if she would make the seat work a benefit to those who do it. There is no lack of ways to keep the tiny fingers at work; —but how? Too often with meaningless drudgery.

The question was often asked me last year by visitors, "Do *all* the children do *all* the work indicated each day?"

I was able to say, by far the greater number do. If a child works conscientiously and does not accomplish *all* the work, I accept what he has done; if he is what is commonly called "lazy" I use my influence as far as I am able, to help him overcome his tendency to indolence. One thing is surely accomplished. No child idly waits for me to say what he shall do next. He knows that, one task finished, another is at hand.

MARY E. KINGSBURY.

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# Katharine.

## The True Story of a School Doll.

By KATE L. BROWN.

THE children of a certain school went home one night full of delighted anticipation.

"To-morrow," said the teacher, impressively, "a little new friend will come. She is to live in the schoolroom and you will all love her. Her name is Katharine; after the lady who visited us not long ago."

When to-morrow came, the teacher tried to get over to school ahead of her flock. Vain attempt! Grace was waiting for her at her own gate.

Maysie and Willie-Boy came running down the long hill to meet her, big-eyed with excitement. Jimmy Brown and Gus suddenly appeared in the bushes. Before that teacher reached her porch steps, nearly every child in school was tagging on behind. Katharine had come — the dearest little dolly in the world.

The teacher sat down in one of the little chairs, while the children crowded about.

"Look at her mittens!"

"O-o-o see her Tam O'Shanter."

"She has a coat on."

"What a pretty dress!"

"Is it for us?"

"May we take it if we're good?"

These were some of the exclamations.

The boys stood in polite silence. When the teacher proposed that Howard should hold Katharine he declined — "'cause he didn't play dolls," adding quickly, "I like *that* doll thongh, she's nice." That was the general verdict of the gentleman. Katharine was an object of special respect, to be treated seriously and admired — from afar.

And the little girls! From the tallest to the most microscopic dot in the "wee-wee" class, there was one sentiment:— positive adoration.

Katherine had her special chair, and her regular occupation. Every day before school and at every recess she took an airing in the arms of some child. If it was a damp day she wore her water-proof just like other folks. At the morning talk she was sure to be nestling in some one's arms.

While the children worked she sat up in her own place,

her own book on her lap. It was no uncommon thing for a restless tot weary of all school occupations, to beg to hold dolly. And there the darling would sit, quiet, happy, contentedly, hugging the loved one, all the *mother* shining out of the wee face. To have Katherine even for a brief while, was the greatest privilege possible. And what was the ethical value of the schoolroom doll?

First and foremost, she awakened a most exquisite tenderness in the children. To love, is to cherish a most heavenly quality, even if the object be but a sweet-faced schoolroom doll. It awakened and encouraged care.

Katherine must be handled gently and with clean hands, she was so daintily dressed. Sometimes she was brought in and handed to the teacher, "'cause it rained and we don't want her to catch cold."

It developed the sharing spirit. Every one could not have her at once. Each child awaited her turn — usually with patience.

Once or twice there was a little disputing, and poor Katharine was laid away in a dark closet to remain several days. The lesson was not lost. Did they injure her? Of course her clothing got soiled and had to be washed, now and then. About every mother in the neighborhood volunteered to be laundress.

One day Jimmy Brown artistically blackened every one of her dear little teeth much to the horror and anguish of the others. The teacher washed out the doll's mouth, the children looking on in sympathy, when one small boy remarked, "Any rate she doesn't have to get her mouth washed 'cause she says bad words."

When Maysie's precious little right hand got cruelly hurt with the hatchet, and long days of pain followed, Katharine lay clasped to the sufferer's heart.

When a shy new child came to school, some one was sure to run for Katharine at the first curl of the lip.

But even the sweetest stories have an end. For over a year doll Katharine blessed us;— then, an evil day came.

It was strictly forbidden to take her during school hours without permission. It was after three — the fidgety time of the day. The teacher was trying to get through and not be impatient. There was a crash — then a silence — Pearl jumped from her seat, as pale as ashes, wringing her hands and crying, "I've killed her! I've killed her! O dear! O dear!"

The children sat awe-stricken while the teacher lifted from the floor the precious doll, her winsome face broken in a dozen fragments. Without a word Katharine was laid on the piano and covered with her cloak. The last few moments of school were passed in almost silence.

Just before dismissal the teacher made some inquiries. It seems that Pearl, longing for the doll, had whispered her wish. Gracie had taken it from the table and passed it under her desk to Pearl. But Pearl's guilty conscience warned her that she was doing wrong. She dared not hold the doll in full sight, so had allowed it to share her seat. Poor Katharine had fallen out between the rails of the chair back.

The teacher said little, only to remark that if the dolly had been broken at play, she would not have wondered, but for Katharine to be killed because some one was disobedient — it was dreadful!

By this time many of the children were wiping away the tears. Both Pearl and Gracie were crying aloud. They cried all the way home, and one of them refused her supper and got so melancholy that the teacher had to be asked in. Cradled in those loving arms the little one sobbed out her trouble, and was fully forgiven.

The lesson bore its fruit. All the rest of the year we were without a doll. The next September the blue-eyed Elizabeth came, and ever since has been tenderly cherished. But she "won't go round" quick enough.

A new joy is in store for the children. They know that "Alice" has come to town — Alice of the auburn locks and deep blue eyes. Soon a happy day will come. Elizabeth and her sister will find the very richness of love awaiting them.

## The Chiccory.

Chiccory.

Poor little blue-eyed fairy! She had been so happy living with the bright-faced daisies along the roadsides! She was a kind little fairy, and had chosen to live by the dusty roadside because, as she said, "the poor people who have to work so hard need my good-morning to help them through the day." But now the daisies were gone, and our little fairy was homeless. "I shall have to go back into the woods until the daisies come again," she sighed; "but the people are so hot and tired, I wish I could stay with them." So the little fairy wandered up and down the road searching for just one belated daisy. Not one could she find; but strange to say, everywhere she looked there sprang up a beautiful blue flower, just the color of her own dear eyes; and so the fairy still lived by the roadside to cheer the weary people as they went to and fro.

M.

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# In the Country School.

By F. Josephine White, Boston.

I have great sympathy for the young teachers who are "getting experience" in country schools. Here is a bit of my experience in trying to carry out my ideas in an ungraded school.

I had planned, of course, to teach natural science and my trunk was filled with pressed flowers, specimens of quartz of all the various kinds, besides the other stones. But, like many another, I had made my plans without studying the school and so they would not work.

Upon the morning of the first day one of the largest boys presented me with a well-worn language-book and the remark, "My grandmother don't want me to take no grammar at all this year, and no jography neither. Nothin' but sums."

Arithmetic seems to be the cry everywhere in the country schools. What can we do? How can we change that old routine, into which parents, committee and pupils have alike fallen? Can we teach such children anything of nature? Ask *them* to bring in the shepherd's purse or to collect different shaped roots? Question any of those five Bartons as to the size and shape of an oriole's nest?

Yes, surely. You can do it. Oh, I know all about those ten classes. I know four o'clock came this afternoon before the first was through reading, the second with their writing, and the third had not recited geography.

Do not have ten classes. Five will be much better. That boy who is a little behind in reading can be pushed ahead into the next class. The same with the others.

Then never, never, try to work without a program. Now at the top of that little "Order of Lessons" write

9 to 9:15 — Talk.

That is all. Not nature study, or natural science or any of the poor "ologies," but simply, "*talk*." You can surely afford that small quarter of an hour from the regular routine, and from the all-important "sums."

I would interest them in the study of plants, first, I think. Ask the children to bring in all the plants they find. At first they will think you mean beautiful flowers, and will ignore the common ones. Lead them to see beauty in all and let the pepper-grass and chick-weed find a place on your desk. Blood-root will probably appear, and also the catkins in the early spring.

Write the names on the board as fast as they are brought

in. Later you can classify a little. They will enjoy this. One small girl walked around with a bit of robin's plantain in her wee hand and upon being asked if it was a daisy, replied, "No, but it belongs to the daisy family."

Those little children must have a language lesson by and by. Why not talk about these common plants lying neglected upon your desk? Yes, of course those older ones will leave those partial payments and listen; but that will do no harm.

Before the day is over, those same little people must have a writing lesson. Will a short sentence about the weather, or the little brook over there in the meadow, or that blade of grass, generous enough "to be some happy creature's palace," be very much harder than one about the "man," which we most decidedly do *not* "see." Give the little fingers a chance to answer.

Then, too, so much can be said about the uses of plants. The boy who stays out of school to "drop corn" can talk now. Finally get them to press and mount the flowers. This must be done out of school, of course; but you will find the children eager to do it. These pressed specimens, all neatly marked with their names, and also those of their proud owners will help decorate the room for closing day.

I wish I could help you more than by these few words. I wish I knew each of your schools and its peculiar needs; but I do not, so I can only bid you "God Speed."

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# The Beautiful Village of Yule.

By Hezekiah Butterworth.

**(This beautiful poem is given in the opening number of this paper for an inspiration to teachers to keep in sight those things which shall seem highest and best in the training of children when seen in the retrospective light of after years.— Ed.)**

My spring-time of life has departed;
  Its romance has ended at last:
My dreamings were once of the future,
  But now they are all of the past.
And memory oft in her roamings
  Goes back to my pastimes of school,
And pictures the children I cherished
  In the beautiful village of Yule.

The schoolhouse still stands by the meadow,
  And green is the spot where I played,
And flecked with the sun is the shadow
  Of the evergreen woods where I strayed.
The thrush in the meadowy places
  Still sings in the evening cool:
But changed are the fun-loving faces
  Of the children who met me at Yule.

I taught them the goodness of loving
  The beauty of nature and art;
They taught me the goodness of loving
  The beauty that lies in the heart.
And I prize more than lessons of knowledge
  The lessons I learned in my school,—
The warm hearts that met me at morning,
  And left me at evening, in Yule.

So true, in the days of my sadness,
  Did the hearts of my trusted ones prove,
My sorrow grew light in the gladness
  Of having so many to love.
I gave my own heart to my scholars,
  And banished severity's rule;
And happiness dwelt in my schoolroom,
  In the beautiful village of Yule.

I remember the hour that we parted:
  I told them, while moistened my eye,
That the bell of the schoolroom of glory
  Would ring for us each in the sky.
Their faces were turned to the sunset,
  As they stood 'neath the evergreens cool:
I shall see them no more as I saw them
  In the beautiful village of Yule.

There were little blue eyes that forever
  Have vanished from my sight;
True hearts whose affection will never
  Return to my own with delight.
I shall never again kneel beside them;
  I shall pray in the silence instead;
Fall gently, ye dews, in the valleys
  Where the gray mosses cover my dead.

The bells of the schoolroom of glory
  Their summons have rung in the sky.
The moss and the fern of the valley
  On some of the old pupils lie:
Some have gone from the wearisome studies
  Of earth to the happier school;
Some faces are bright with the angels',
  Who stood in the sunset at Yule.

I love the instructions of knowledge,
  The teachings of nature and art,
But more than all others the lessons
  That come from an innocent heart.
And still to be patient and loving
  And trustful I hold as a rule,
For so I was taught by the children
  Of the beautiful village of Yule.

I dream of the gardens immortal,
  And I seem in my vision to see
A little band stand at the portal
  That the life-veil has hidden from me.
And when past the green graves I wander,
  I say "Can my loved ones be dead?
Or do I behold but the pillows
  Of my angels of youth who have fled?"

My spring-time of life has departed;
  Its romance has ended at last:
My dreamings were once of the future,
  But now they are all of the past.
Methinks when I stand in life's sunset,
  As I stood when we parted at school,
I shall see the bright faces of children
  Of the beautiful village of Yule.

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# A Quiet Word or Two.

By E. D. K.

HAVE you a new class this year teachers? *Can* you go a whole month and not discuss them with or before other teachers?

Do some in the class strike you as "dear little things," and some as "horrid" and uninteresting? *Can* you keep all these first impressions in your own heart for the present?

Have you a new principal? Has he or she some marked peculiarity, that threatens to create an antagonism, from the first? Or, are you congratulating yourself that he is "just as nice as he can be?" *Will* it be among the possibilities for you to refuse to join in any discussion concerning him or her, till the newness is worn off a little and you have time to get a juster estimate? And can you ward off such discussion by other teachers?

Does it seem to you that your class "are no where near up to grade" requirements? That they are not ready to take up the new work and you *know* you can "never bring them up and do all last year's work besides?" *Are* you equal to the suppression of this opinion till their vacation-dulled brains begin to work again?

*Why* is it better to preserve a silence about all these things?

1. Because your first impression cannot always be trusted, and you are sure to find modifying circumstances by and by.

2. Because every criticism you make deepens the impression upon your own mind, and the difficult becomes a great deal more difficult after you have talked about it; a vague mental discomfort becomes a positive evil after it has found expression in words.

3. Because there is a great deal of well-meant, "confidential" talking over things among teachers the first of the year that sows seeds of distrust and discontent, which bear bitter fruit before the year is out.

4. Then, too, another reason:— unjust opinions will permeate the mental air of a school building and the unfortunate children teachers or principal, are unconsciously conscious of it and every fault becomes aggravated under its subtle effect. Is this too metaphysical? Ah! but there may be more truth in thought-waves than is dreamt of in our philosophy.

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The great ethical battle of life is between the two opposing forces of the self and the not-self, the individual and the general interest.— *Irwin Shepard.*

# September.

The goldenrod is yellow;
The corn is turning brown;
The trees, in apple orchards,
With fruit are bending down.

The gentian's bluest fringes
Are curling in the sun;
In dusty pods the milk-weed
Its hidden silk has spun.

The sedges flaunt their harvest
In every meadow nook;
And asters by the brook-side
Make asters in the brook.— *H. H.*

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# The Golden Rod.

**(A Blackboard Exercise.)**

By Georgia A. Hodskins.

Good morning, children!

What was the first thing you noticed when you came in this morning?

I thought you would like to see the flowers here.

I like to have them come to school.

Soon the cold days will come.

Jack Frost will be here.

Then we shall have only our plants.

We shall miss the wild flowers, shall we not?

Let us look at these flowers a little.

I will give you each a spray.

Who knows the name?

Yes, this is the golden-rod.

It is a good name for this flower, is it not?

Look at them closely.

See the lovely colors.

How pretty the green leaves look against the bright blossoms!

Notice the flowers. Each little head is made up of a great many tiny blossoms, just as we saw in the daisy last spring.

But here we have a whole cluster of flowers instead of a single one.

You have all seen the golden rod many times before.

Tell me where it grows.

I'll write your answers on the board.

It grows in sandy fields. I've seen fields that were yellow with it.

It loves the sun.

I've seen lots of it by the roadside.

I found it in the woods.

We found some at the shore this summer.

It was growing on the beach.

It didn't look like this.

Each flower was larger and the leaves were broader.

It looked like a great yellow feather.

Yes, you are all right.

There are many different kinds of golden rod.

See if you can find out how many.

Some like sandy fields. Some enjoy a home on the beach, near the salt water. Some like a shady spot in the woods.

Here is a spray that I found by the side of the road in a shady wood.

See how different it is from this spray which I picked in the sun.

It looks more like a real golden rod. It is so long and slender.

Here is another variety. It does not look like either of the others. It looks like a yellow aster, does it not?

You may each keep the spray I gave you to look at. Take it to yonr seat.

You may write Miss Golden Rod a letter. Be sure and tell her how much we enjoy her visits.

# Through Magic Spectacles.

**By the Editor.**

*"My grandmother sent me to school, but I looked at the master, and saw that he was a smooth, round ferule, or an improper noun, or a vulgar fraction, and refused to obey him. Or he was a piece of string, a rag, a willow-wand, and I had a contemptuous pity. But one was a well of cool, deep water, and looking suddenly in, one day, I saw the stars."* — *George William Curtis, in "Prue and I."*

## Tardiness.

**(Teacher.)**

"That little Mary Loring that seems so frightened at her shadow did such a queer thing this morning. You know she used to be late so frequently in Miss Snow's room, that I thought I'd begin with her as I could hold out, and just let her know at the very beginning that I would not put up with it. It was only five minutes past nine when she came in this morning, and I know she could have made up that short time by hurrying a little; and then my hundred per cent of attendance this week wouldn't have been broken.

I spoke a little sharp to her when she came in, and all the children said "O--h!" when she opened the door, and you would have supposed she would have cared for all that. But what do you think she did? She just gave me a look, really a half-defiant look in her eye, and you would have scarcely known the child, as she stood there by my desk looking down as if she hadn't the least bit of feeling in the world. Well, I put her name on the board, and sent her to her seat. I thought I wouldn't do anything worse than that the first time she was late, but I'm going to break it up. I will not have a tardy record in my room. I never *did* have a tardy school, and I won't begin now. Children can get to school in season if they want to."

**Through the Spectacles.**

Mrs. Loring stood chatting with a neighbor. Mary was "tending the baby" — a sickly looking little thing with a hoarse cough that little Mary could hear even after she got to school. Mary was a little mother in her ways, and the pale little baby was her special care before and after school.

"Hurry, Mamma, or I'll be late to school. It is a quarter to nine now, and my hair isn't done yet."

"Well, come here and I'll fix it. The baby will do well enough alone. Come along."

"Oh! I can't mamma. She'll cry and cough if I leave her. *Please* come here," and the little girl began to tremble with fear as the long hand of the clock went slowly on toward nine. She called again and again, and at last Mrs. Loring turned reluctantly around, saying to the neighbor, "That child would have a fit if she was late to school, but she's so foolish she won't leave that baby alone."

The hair was hurriedly brushed. Mary ran every step to school and was five minutes late. With the same courage with which men face a cannon she opened the school room door, met that terrible reproachful "Oh!" from the children, and the severe "Well!" from the teacher, and stood transfixed. The injustice of it all was too much for the child-soul and she stood dumb and unrelenting.

Will that day be a marked one in Mary's character? Will that event harden or soften the nature of this little mother-soul who had been true to the heavenly instinct implanted in her, and then suffered the consequence in silence? Was that teacher innocent or guilty that the little aching heart seethed in rebellion for a time, then hardened into indifference and distrust of the world in which she found herself where nobody understood when she did the best she could? Where lies the responsibility that this little girl walked in a shadow all that day — a shadow that entered into her heart and became a part of her after life.

## II.

**(Two Teachers.)**

"Roy Spencer is such a splendid little fellow! You should have seen his great brown eyes shine this morning when I praised him for not being late. He just managed to

get in before the tardy bell rang, and he had been running I know, for his cheeks were red and he *did* look so handsome."

"Why, his little sister was late," answered the other teacher, "and she just broke her heart crying over it. I don't see why they shouldn't come to school together. I'll write a note to Mrs. Spencer and see if Roy can't look after her a little,—she is such a shy little thing."

**Through the Spectacles.**

"Roy, you must go to the grocery before you go to school, and do an errand for me. You will have plenty of time, if you start right along now." Mrs. Spencer spoke hurriedly.

"Oh! Alice can go. I can't bother," answered Roy, impatiently.

"But Alice's shoe hurts her and she can't walk fast. Besides she is too little to do such things when she has a big brother. Come, now, go right away and you'll have plenty of time."

"I tell you I *can't.* I agreed to go for Tom Hodges this morning. He's got a new specimen and I want to see it. Alice can go well enough." And Roy was away out of the yard without waiting for his mother's answer.

Alice went to the grocery, did the errand and was ten minutes late at school. The "handsome" Roy, with the "great brown eyes" began his school work that morning glowing under the undeserved praise of his teacher. Alice began hers with a heartache and a tired, pitiful little face that never should have been found in that bright sunshiny schoolroom.

Since we must walk in the dark with the little children whose hearts and souls we cannot read, shall we not step softly, deal gently and judge leniently as we lead them over the hard places.

"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

## Wayside Tints.

Asters, sumachs and golden rods!
Kings and queens of the ripened year!
Bright with the first autumnal rains
And the earliest suns, we find you here.

Not in the groves do you hold your court;
Rather your haunts are the hillsides bare;
The lonely lanes and the ruined fort,
And the wayside banks your liveries wear.

Lances of crimson and spears of gold,
And crowns of purple and silver sheen,
All of the wayside nooks kow hold,
Marshalled against their living green.

Over your ranks the barberry leans,
Waving its finger of royal red;
And the wild vine mingles its tender greens
With the flame of the woodbine overhead.

— *Selected.*

## "Shoes."

By BLANCHE MACGAFFY, Chicago.

WHEN we suffer disapointment a natural tendency leads us to seek sympathy — to share our troubles with someone just as we are supposed to want to share our joys with our friends. This feeling prompts me to seek a little intelligent consolation from the readers of PRIMARY EDUCATION.

These are the facts in the case: My fifty odd small ones need talking lessons very much, their tongues have never been loosened in a legitimate way. My first day with them told me this and the second day found me busy hunting for suitable stories, pictures, anything which might serve to stimulate the imaginative faculties.

The dear good woman, Sara Wiltse, comes to the rescue in such cases with her "Morning Talks," and with these I commenced my school. Being in a country town the children were familiar with the useful domestic animals, so following the suggestion of Miss Wiltse we began with the cow.

How many things to thank the cow for, to be sure! When we had thought of milk, butter, cream, cheese and buttermilk, (this last they insisted was a direct product of the cow), I read them the story of the unreasonable old monarch, who, being of an investigating turn of mind and desiring to travel compels his slaves to weave a carpet for him to walk on, so as not to bruise his feet on the rough stones. But the king can walk faster than his slaves can weave and they are in despair, when a convenient old sage says *he* will make a carpet for the king that shall cover the whole earth "though none but the king may walk on it."

The old man is as good as his word and how do you think he kept his promise, I inquired of the then thoroughly interested children. At this there is a great pause then a few random opinions are hazarded all wide of the mark. At last a Daniel comes in the shape of small Martha. In answer to the wavering little uplifted hand I said: Well, Martha what do you think about it?"

"The old man made the king some shoes, that's what I think," answered Martha.

I could have embraced her on the spot! At last some of them were doing a little thinking, I flattered myself. The desired connection between the cow and the leather of the shoes was easily made, much to the children's delight.

A few mornings after this the first frost lay heavy on the ground and every available space. The little ones were full of the news when they came in and I thought to turn their interest to a little useful observation. They told me it was white, it looked like salt, like sugar and was very pretty they all agreed. No one noticed that it sparkled and as this was what most impressed me, with unpedagogical insistence I reiterated, "Did anyone notice anything else about the frost?" Martha, who still seemed to feel the responsibility of keeping up her reputation in the class, held up a confident hand. I nodded my head, giving her the floor and she arose and said with the utmost calmness — "*Shoes.*"

"Oh Martha how could you say that," burst from me before I could control myself. My heart sank within me. Had all my labor been in vain? And to make matters worse I could see plainly that such was the respect of the class for Martha's sound judgement that they were quite ready to accept her answer!

At the end of the week I thought to collect our information about the cow in a brief summary. We were to write all the things we could think of for which we must thank the cow. As if in mocking scorn of my well meant efforts this paper came from one of my boys written in a large round hand.

**The Cow.**

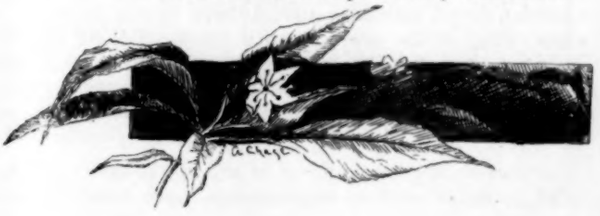
The cow likes fish.
The cow gives shoes!

## Phonics — When Used.

Cannot phonics be taught in our schools and do for the child exactly what is claimed for it, and yet be so set apart from the the reading lesson that it shall be made means and not an evil? Cannot teachers and children both be led to look upon phonics os a piece of pure mechanics — a form of voice gymnastics, a drill to be taken at a time other than in the reading lesson? Then make of the reading an exercise where the child's whole energy shall be directed to making the *thought* of the printed or written page his own, and afterwards expressed with all the beauty and accuracy, as to emphasis and inflection, that we get from him when at his play; this accomplished, too, without the teacher reading the sentence for him to imitate.

After close observation and long study of children learning to read, I feel sure that phonics may be used as an aid in articulation and word making, but must be distinctly separated from the reading lesson if we would give the child any power beyond that of mere word calling.

— *T. in North Western Journal of Education.*



# Vertical Writing.

(We present our readers on two pages, specimens of vertical writing, taken from the set of three copy books published by E. O. Vaile, Editor of *Intelligence*, Oak Park, Ill. These illustrations are *not* given with a veiw to advertising the books. We obtained permission of the publisher to use these copies that any primary teachers who are not familiar with the forms of vertical writing may see what it is, what it claims, and decide for themselves as to their desire to undertake it with the smallest children. The Chicago Board of Education, upon the unanimous recommendation of its superintendent and six assistant superintendents, has formally prescribed vertical writing in its course of study for each of the grades from the first to the eighth inclusive, a copy-book to be used in each grade excepting the first. As soon as sufficient time has passed for this experiment to be made in the Chicago schools, the result of it *in the primary grades* will be given the readers of this paper, by some of the primary teachers themselves. In the meantime let every teacher keep an unbiased judgment toward this as to all other new things brought forward as helps to teaching, despising nothing because it is old, accepting nothing because it is new.—ED.)

Primary teachers in particular find an advantage in this kind of writing. The letters are so much simpler to make than the usual slanting ones that the little pupils go at them with much greater success and learn to make them well much quicker than they do the old style. This, of course, means a large saving of labor on the part of the teacher and a large saving in the expenditure of nervous energy on the part of the child. Learning to write is more of a tax on the little one's strength and vitality than many teachers realize. To reduce the severity of the task and yet attain satisfactory results is a thing always to be desired. The gain in this respect by the new writing is real and substantial according to the uniform reports of primary teachers. The children see at the start that their own letters are a success and they do not become victims to discouragement and indifference as they do when they undertake the harder task of conquering the sloping letters.

Again. By using the vertical system the transition from print to script and from script to print is much more readily and easily accomplished than when using the sloping letters with their longer loops, larger capitals, and angular letters. The analogy between vertical script and print is much more marked than between sloping script and print. The characteristics of vertical script are

short loops,
well-developed rounded letters,
small capitals,

characteristics which indicate its analogy to print, and which help the young learner materially in his dual struggle in learning to read and learning to write.

In favor of vertical writing these facts stand undisputed and indisputable:

It is easier to read.
It is easier to write.
It is easier to learn.

As to its possibilities in regard to speed there is a dispute. But certainly, there is not enough difference in this respect to be worth mentioning. The first essential in good writing is legibility. The second essential is ease in writing. The third essential is speed.

In respect to the first two essentials vertical writing is so far ahead that it can stand a heavy discount on the third point—if the facts compel it to, and, as yet, it is not demonstrated by any means that it must be discounted at all—and still be far ahead as the most available and practical style of writing.

On the score of health space does not permit us to enlarge. Unquestionably a child, in using the vertical style, can screw himself into unhealthful positions; but with his pen and writing directly in front of him, and with his body square to the desk and both hands and forearms upon it, it is much harder for him to bend his spine, or raise one shoulder, or get his eyes ruinously near to his paper, than when sitting in the position usual for the sloping writing. In laying chief stress on this hygienic point in favor of vertical writing there is a unanimity and decisiveness in the voice of European medical men that must command respect.

—*Intelligence.*

Vertical writing has nothing to say about capital stems, about heavy strokes or light strokes, right curves or left curves, or any other of the petty details or embellishments which a false standard has unduly magnified. It lays no stress on needless uniformity and exactness. It does not sacrifice the child's time or strength for the sake of the perfection of the system.

It puts before the child the most legible and the simplest possible form of each letter. It reduces his difficulties to a minimum. After the typical forms of the letters are lodged in his mind it bids him write and not be worried or wearied by useless efforts at perfection and accuracy in imitating minutiae. It tells him to write so that every letter in a word is perfectly plain and legible, as plain as if it were a printed letter, and to leave grace, and beauty, and speed to come as they may afterwards. It believes that every child should write a good plain hand at ten years of age, but that rapidity and grace should not be expected at that time. To acquire them an amount of precision and steadiness is requisite which can come only through fuller development and maturity.

In brief, vertical writing in comparison with sloping writing has these three great and manifest virtues:—it is easy to read, easy to write, and easy to learn.

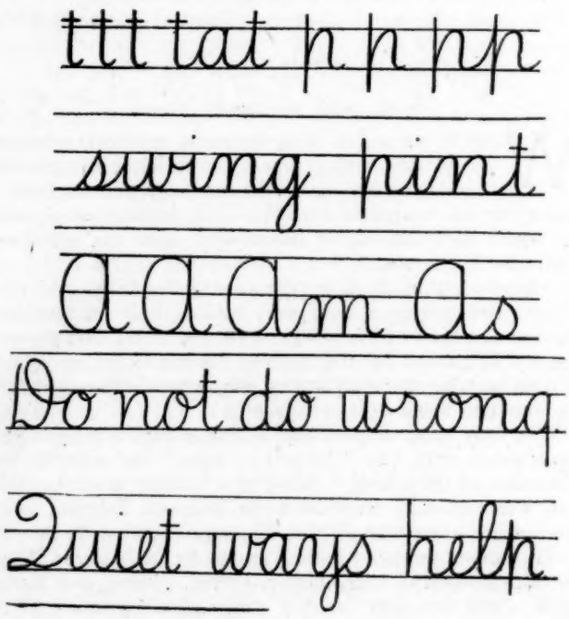
It will be noticed that the copies in these books are not "fine-art" copper-plate copies nor hand-engraved. They are photographic reproductions of copies actually written with a free hand. As it is inevitable in such writing a letter is not always an exact facsimile of the same letter elsewhere. It is not in the power of human skill, for example, to cross all the *t*'s in exactly the same way, or to make the loop of the *f* exactly the same in all places. Some of the copies are slightly blacker and heavier than others. Such variations are inevitable except in copies which are slowly and laboriously drawn and carefully engraved by hand. But these engraved copy lines, from this very want of common humanity about them, have failed us in the past and have been wisely discarded in some schools as not putting before the child what he most needs as a copy and inspiration.

Philosophy and experience demonstrate that by copies freely written, in a natural way, better results can be reached in the school-room than by the ordinary copies which are so hopelessly and exactly perfect that the pupil feels at the outset how utterly impossible it is for him to equal or approach them.

The learners may feel assured that the copies which they are imitating in these books were made with just such tools and materials as they are using, and under like conditions, and that these copies can be equaled by any one who can acquire sufficient skill as a writer.

—*Extract from the Covers of the Book Series.*

(First Year.)



# Vertical Writing in Primary Grades.

(Second Year.)

Arith. Tom Smith's Paper.

1) $75. Wages per month.
12.
900. . for the year.
680. Amt spent.
220. . saved.

2) $1855. Cost of barn.
8520. . . house.
10375. . . both.
2
20750. . . land.
10375.
30125. Total cost of farm.
1685. Gain by selling.
32810. Received for farm.

Sept. September. S S

Two little kittens,
One stormy night,
Began to quarrel,
And then to fight.
One had a mouse,
The other had none,
And that's the way
The quarrel begun.

(Third Year.)

Lincoln's Kindness to Birds.

Abraham Lincoln was once on a journey with some fellow travellers, and when they stopped to water their horses he did not appear. The inquiry was made of the last man who came up, "Where is Lincoln?"

"Oh," he replied, "when I saw him last, he had two young birds which the wind had blown out of their nest and he was hunting for the nest that he might put them back in it."

When Lincoln came up the party began to laugh at his care for the young birds; but he said, "I could not have slept if I had not restored those little birds to their mother."

Stamp

Mrs. Charles S. Holden.
Cleveland.
435 Euclid Ave. Ohio.

# Color.* I.

NORTH SCITUATE, MASS. August 6th, 1894.

*My fellow Teachers;*

The sun rose this calm morning through an opalescent mist over a sparkling sea, and the earth received him in a robe of silvered green flashing with jewels. The celestial coloring, so pure and perfect, reminded me of my promise to talk with you about it,— and I will,— but I must tell you frankly that I know little about color and less about teaching it. I am a student with you; and yet we are teachers, and while others are searching and experimenting and quarreling about color, we must remember the children and their need. We may not have the silver and gold of truth refined by scientific fires and stamped with Cæsar's image, but such as we have we can give them, that they may enter the temple with praise.

I shall talk mostly to you, for if you see and love color, your children will. And, besides, I want the color to come into your school-room like the sunlight to glorify what is there already; not as an additional burden. You will know better than I can tell you how it may illuminate the language and the Nature study, the drawing and the busy-work.

We shall be inconvenienced by lack of illustrations in color; but, thanks to Mr. Milton Bradley, we shall be able to make ourselves understood without them. I shall use his colors and his nomenclature, presuming that you all have one of his little sample books, and a corresponding package of colored paper.† I shall illustrate with diagrams, indicating the color by abbreviations, that you may make the charts in color for yourselves and your pupils.

When the children enter the school room some bright morning they will discover upon the wall or ceiling a wonderful little visitor so beautiful that everybody falls in love with her at sight. She seems timid. The trembling little one tries to creep away out of sight. Where did she come from? How did she get here? Ah, there is something new by the window! When I move that she moves! She must have come from the sun and entered the room through this glass prism! How wonderful! Sir Isaac Newton, who watched the falling apple in his garden, and Goethe, "the greatest German man" besides scores of other wise men have tried to tell just how the brilliant little visitor comes through the glass. She gets in somehow, and we will have a good look at her before she goes.

Let us have a name for her. How would you like *Iris?* That is what the clever Greeks used to call her. They thought that Juno, queen of the gods, who lived on cloud-crowned Olympus, had a beautiful maiden named Iris who was so fleet that no one could overtake her. Iris sometimes brought messages from Juno to the people on earth, and whenever she passed through the air her many colored robe left a brilliant trail in the sky. When the little Greek boy saw the rainbow he thought, There is Iris; although he knew no one ever had seen her, but only the path where she had been.

How many colors has Iris in her robe? Three! Four! Yes, you will find many more by and by. Did you ever see these colors together anywhere else besides here and in the rainbow? Yes, in a soap bubble, in a cake of ice, and even in the fur of a little black kitten! We will keep our eyes open to discover the colors of Iris wherever we can. I shall ask you some day to tell me all the places where you have found them. But I want you to watch especially for the rainbow. I wonder if you could guess Schiller's riddle?

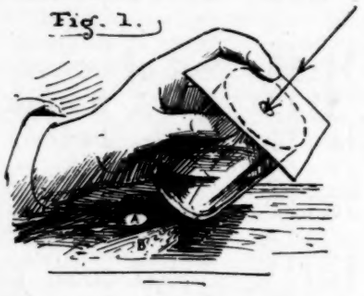
"A bridge weaves its arch with pearls
High over the tranquil sea;
In a moment it unfurls
Its span, unbounded, free.
The tallest ship with swelling sail
May pass 'neath its arch with ease;
It carries no burden, 'tis too frail,
And when you approach it flees.
With the flood it comes, with the rain it goes;
What it is made of nobody knows."

Many different nations have thought of the rainbow as a bridge. The old Norsemen called it — bif-rost — the tremulous bridge — spanning the abyss between earth and heaven, over which the souls of heroes ride to *Asgard* the blessed.

To the Hebrews it was "The autograph of God." Read Genesis ix: 8-17. And more than two thousand years ago one of that nation wrote: "Look upon the rainbow and praise Him that made it. Very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof. It compasseth the heavens about with a glorious circle, and the hands of the Most High have bended it." (Apocrypha, Ecclesiastes, xliii; 11-12.) Is the red of the rainbow on the outside or on the inside?

During the month the spectrum should be seen in the school-room every pleasant day. In their search outside the pupils will discover it in oil floating upon water, in authracite coal, in fractured glass, in the beveled edge of a hand-mirror, in tempered steel, in the flame of a candle, in the fog around an arc light, in dew drops, in the spray of fountains, in "pearl" shells, in fishes, notably in mackerel just from the water, in insects especially the Cassida and Apocyulum beetles, in doves and humming birds and in

Fig. 1.




other unexpected places. A glass partly filled with water, covered with a card having a hole through it, will, when tilted at an angle, give a brilliant little splash of color at B, although at A, where one would natually expect it, no color appears. H.T.B.

The spectrum is nature's palette, set with purest color, from which she evolves her infinite scales and her subtle harmonies. Let the colors of "this gentle glory"— as Ruskin calls it — come before your mind again and again until they have fixed themselves there in their luminous purity as ideals forever. All our pigments are dull and impure beside these. We shall not find their equal until we see One seated upon a throne, having the appearance of a jasper and a sardine stone, encircled by a rainbow round about.

HENRY T. BAILEY.

## How the Leaves Were Colored.

"One sweet day in the long, long ago,
When autumn's chill had erst begun,
A quaint little artist that you and I know
(It was your friend Jack, Mother Nature's own son)
Sat himself down a task to complete
His mother had set for the day;
For Jack, she declared, should have nothing to eat
(And Jack dare not disobey)
Until he had painted the leaves of the trees —
The leaves of the maples that danced in the breeze.

To his task with wondrous haste he flew,
And took the palette, meek as a lamb,
But found that the tubes full of purple and blue
He had used in painting a wandering calm.
An eager search brought forth to the light
Some yellow and brown and reds,
And Jack, like a Trojan, worked into the night,
Until he had painted the leaves so bright."

*Copyrighted by EDUCATIONAL PUB. CO., 1894.

†Besides these the teacher should have a glass triangular prism and Mr. Bradley's "Rainy Day Spectrum." The whole outfit may be had for eighty cents, by addressing Milton Bradley Company, Springfield, Mass.

## Fore-Word.*

By CHARLES B. SCOTT, State Normal School, Oswego, N. Y.

IN taking up this work in nature study I want to first interest the teachers — just as they must first of all interest the pupils — and set them at work. Only by doing can they learn, as I have been convinced by experience, that nothing will give the teacher such a hold on her pupils and so draw teacher and pupils together as the investigation together of the truths of nature; that nothing will more surely lead the teacher to study and help her to understand child nature than the study of nature with the child; that no study is so natural for the little child, that none will so interest him, so fill him with love for the beautiful and pure, so lift his soul toward the Oversoul, so develop his powers of seeing and telling and thinking, as the sympathetic right study of nature.

To be of the greatest help to teachers, I must know their conditions and understand their needs. Suppose we start a class, a very informal affair, for mutual benefit and helpfulness, I, as leader to plan and suggest and question, you to interrupt whenever you choose, to ask questions, to state special needs and special difficulties, and to tell (don't forget this) any special success or result achieved. With the class so scattered, its members working under so many conditions, we shall succeed in proportion as all co-operate.

Any letters regarding the work in plant study or elementary geography addressed to me, care of PRIMARY EDUCATION, 50 Bromfield St., Boston, will be forwarded to me and answered as soon as possible.

## Primary Department.

### Interest the Children.

Before all else the little ones must be interested. We can start with no more fundamental axiom than this. It is the law of their nature. Interest is not the end, but it is the essential means. With the child's interest thoroughly aroused, his senses and faculties are alert and he is in the best condition to receive and develop. With interest lagging, the entrances to the heart and soul and mind are only partially opened and both impression and expression must be deficient.

If your pupils are not interested something is wrong. Either your material or your methods are not adapted to your pupils. Change them. At first, even if apparently nothing else is accomplished, the work may be considered well done, if the children are kept interested.

You ask:

### How Can We Best Interest Children?

and keep them interested?

First. Select for study that material which is nearest to the child and most a part of his environment. Wherever you are the plants most common are most interesting and best for study.

Second. Study first that phase of the plant which most appeals to the child — the side of life and function of energy and action rather than mere forms or structure. In the fall the opening and closing of the flower and its work, the formation, protection and dissemination of the seeds will interest much more than the mere structure of flower or seed.

Third. Put the child to work and do not do for him what he can do for himself. The more the child feels that *he* is getting the material for study, the more he feels that *he* is doing, the more *he* sees and investigates and discovers for himself, the more he will be interested.

### September Plant Work.

To interest our children in the plant, to enable them to understand its work and get some idea of its life, to lead them to the point where they shall discover the great lessons which the plant teaches, it is well to begin with the plant as a whole. First, select those, such as the aster or burdock, or dandelion, or thistle, mallow, or evening primrose (the one nearest and most common is the best) in which the children can see the flower and seed cases and seeds in all stages of development at one time, or watch the changes of the flower and the development of the seeds, and thus learn the work of the flower.

During the month study one or two plants. Begin the work out-of doors, where the plant belongs.

Have the children discover where the plant grows, and visit it in its home. Does it like the shade or sunshine? Is its home in the grass or fields, in the woods or along the brook?

Introduce it to the little ones. Its name usually carries a meaning or a history or suggests a thought. Is it an aster? Aster means a star. Aster and the stars may well be associated in the minds of the child and the poet.

> "Spake full well in language quaint and olden,
> One who dwelleth by the castled Rhine,
> When he called the flowers so bright and golden
> Stars that in earth's firmament do shine."

Is it the dandelion? Why did some one give it a name meaning lion's tooth? Why called burdock or evening primrose? There is often much in a name.

What does the plant do? Does it ever go to sleep (like the dandelion)? How? When does it wake up? What parts does it have?

What are some of its friends? Does it have any visitors besides the boys and girls? Do the birds ever come to it? Do the bees ever hum around it and go down in its flowers? What do you supposes they are after? Do the butterflies ever come to it? Does the flower give them anything or do anything for them? Do you find any caterpillars on it or in its leaves? (leaf miners) What are they doing? How many animals does the plants feed or help? (Have the children watch and investigate and discover for themseves. Go out with them, if possible, to study "their plant.")

### Do Not Tell What They Should See for Themselves

All its friends must come to our plant. It cannot return any calls. Why not? How do the animals differ (in their power of moving about (from the plant? Carefully dig up three or four plants, (do not have the children do it,) wash the earth from the roots of one and put the others in earth in boxes so that they will grow in the school-room.

Show the children the root-system (emphasizing the idea that no one is going to pull up any plants; they are too precious.) What hold the plant so firmly in the ground? Why do the roots branch out so—like our fingers? (To hold on better.) What are the little roots— the baby roots for? They are not strong enough to help very much in holding the plant fast. Have children notice effect on plant when the ground gets dry.

Show them how a sponge or cloth or string draws up water. Bring out, by questioning, as far as possible, the fact that the little roots drink water for the plant. Show them how sugar and salt dissolve in water and tell them that in the water in the ground some food is dissolved, so that the little roots take in food also.

### Have Them Study the Plants Kept in the School-Room.

Notice the stem. What does it do? (Holds up the leaves and flowers.) Through what does the water and food taken in by the roots pass to leaves and flowers? Notice height, size, shape, color and surface of stem. Have the children draw (draw from nature, not copy) the stem and roots and tell about them.

What do you think the leaves do? Make the plant look pretty? Yes, that's one thing, but they do more than that. How are the leaves fastened to the stem? What holds the leaf out stiff? What inside your finger holds it out straight?

* Copyrighted by EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., 1894.

Do the leaves have anything like bones? Do they go out into the points or fingers of the leaves as the bones go out the ends of your fingers? Why? These we call veins. Have children draw two or three leaves bringing out the veins and their arrangement. Running through these veins are little tubes. What do you suppose they are for?

How does the water and food taken in by the roots and carried by the stem get to all parts of the leaf? Do you have any tubes inside your hands! What do they carry? But the leaves are not mere lazy children living at home feeding on what the roots get and doing nothing but look pretty. They, too, have something to do. Tell the children about the breathing pores or stomata in the leaf (See under Leaves in any good botany or encyclopædia) and how the leaves breathe for the plant through these pores or mouths and also take in food from the air.

Thus the leaves are working and helping all the time. Have the children draw or outline with shoe pegs or model with clay (always from nature) the leaf and tell and write or read about the leaves. Have them add a few leaves to the drawing of the stem and roots.

Approach the flower as a thing of beauty; the crowning glory of the plant, as something with a very great work to do, the most important part of the plant. Do not under any circumstances, have the little children pick the flower to pieces. It it one of the choicest, most beautiful, most perfect of the Creator's works and the little child, at least, should love and cherish and guard it as something almost sacred.

Have the children examine the flower bud and see how carefully it is wrapped up and protected. Notice its parts, the outer thick and strong (why so?) usually green, the inner part more delicate and brightly colored. Do not go much into details.

Dwell on the beauty of the flower and the happiness it gives to those about it. Read or sing or have the children learn little poems about the flowers. Compare its beauty and color and markings with other flowers. Endeavor above all else, to

#### Lead the Little Ones to Love the Flowers

Bring out the idea that root, stem, leaves, all are doing something for the flower. What does the flower do? Is its only work to be pretty? It makes the world brighter and happier. That is a great deal. Is that all?

Have the children watch the development and changes of the flower and notice its fading. Is that the end? There is a wonderful secret in the flower. Have the children discover (Do not spoil it by telling the children) the little seeds, so securely covered, so carefully hidden all this time in the depths of the flower. The plant's work is done. Root and stem and leaves and flowers have all been working to make these seeds. Next month we will try to discover what becomes of the seeds and how Mother Nature gets them ready for winter.

## Intermediate Department.

#### Seeing is Knowing and Growing.

If nature study is to be a means of genuine education, if it is to draw out the children, help them to grow from within, and is not to be a mere process of pouring in, if it is to develop their powers of seeing and telling and thinking, if it is to give them genuine knowledge, clear and certain perception of the world around them, it must be based on personal, individual observation by the pupils. The pupils must see and and tell and think for themselves.

#### The Book Has no Place in Nature Study.

except to supplement the observations, to serve as a means of reviewing and clinching what the children have seen, and to tell them what they cannot see.

The teacher, in this work, is not an encyclopedia, not a mere book of ready reference to which the indolent pupil can go for information, not an authority and court of last appeal to decide all questions. She is an inspiration and a guide to her pupils. Her work is to inspire her pupils with a love for nature and guide them as they themselves go direct to the book of nature and consult Dame Nature as the final authority.

But the teacher cannot inspire unless she is inspired. She cannot guide if she has merely read a guide-book. The teacher, too, must study nature, not merely books. She must go out into the fields and woods and get acquainted with the plants and animals and stones. She will find then that the thorny hedges of names and classification which the book often builds about nature almost disappears. The teacher who is not herself enough interested in nature to call on her, will not interest her pupils. The teacher who depends on her book will have pupils who depend on their teachers.

#### Work for September

In the early fall it seems wise to emphasize most strongly the animal study. Animals (insects particulaly) are then most abundant, in all stages of development, easily obtained and easily studied. Some work also should be done with those phases of plant life, particularly seeds and fruits, which can be best studied or only studied in the fall.

In fall plant work, in any grade, it will be well to begin with the plant as a whole and study the work of each part, as suggested in the outline for the Primary department. In the intermediate grades more emphasis should be placed on structure and comparison and on order and plan.

The evening primrose and mallow, abundant in the eastern and northern United States, are simple and show the flower and seed-vessels in all stages of development. The evening primrose can be recognized by its tall strong stem (two to four feet high,) many rather large yellow flowers (with four green parts—sepals—and four yellow parts—petals) clustered about the upper part of the stem and numerous large cylindrical (one-half to one inch long) very strong seed vessels lying close to the stem lower than the flowers.

The mallow (Malvia rotundifolia, as the botonists call it) is a low plant, a few inches high, with large roundish (reniform) leaves, rather small whitish bell-shaped flowers, more or less covered by the leaves, and cheese shaped, or tomato shaped seed vessels (a quarter of an inch wide; the children call them cheeses.) The mustards (rather small, usually yellow or white, flowers, cross-shaped or cruciform with four green and four colored parts and leaves with sharp taste—like the radish flower) are good, as they, too, are simple and show flowers and seed vessels in all stages of development.

#### Have the Pupils Begin Their Work out of Doors.

Follow the outline for the lowest grades studying (always from nature and by observation) home, name, friends and visitors, and the work of root, stem, leaves and flowers. Compare more with other plants.

Have children study (from the plant) the attachment of leaves to stem, the parts of the leaf (stem or leaf-stalk or petiole and flattened part or blade,) the arrangement of veins (compare with other leaves.) Why do long leaves have one central vein (midrib) with branching veinlets and broad roundish leaves have several principal veins spreading out from the base of the leaf? Have the children also study the shape and margin of the leaf. Have them draw and describe the leaf very carefully.

In addition to the enjoyment of the beauty and study of the use and work of the flower, as outlined in the Primary department, have the children study (from the flower itself, not from book or picture or teacher) the part of the flower. Study beauty and use and work first, structure and parts last.

The children can, as far as is necessary, take the flower apart (a few) but gently and carefully and only so much as is absolutely necessary.

Study the outer green parts (the cup or calyx,) its divisions (the sepals) and their use, particularly in the bud. Study in the same way the inner circle of colored parts (crown or corolla,) its divisions (petals) grown together in the mallow) and their use (to protect, to beautify, to attract insects.)

Have the children examine the slender parts within the

corolla (stamens) their thread-like stalk (filament) and thickened upper end, often with a yellow powder (pollen) on it, from which it gets its name pollen box (or anther). Notice the number, attachment and arrangement of the stamens. Study the central and most important part of the flower, often more or less below the other parts. (Its contents will show the children why it is called the seed-box or ovary) with its upper end or tip (stigma,) usually enlarged and roughish, often separated from the seed-box by a stem (the style.) Have the children make sure of the relation between the seed-box in the flower and the ripened seed-box or fruit and thus grasp the special work of the flower—to make seeds. Tell the children about the use of the pollen and the process of fertilization.

Give names of parts sparingly and carefully.

**The Idea Should Always Precede the Name.**

To the children, at least, names do not convey ideas. It is often well to let them endeavor to describe and struggle for a while without giving them the name. Then they will seize the name as a help in expression, not as a burden, a mere hard word.

Review the flower as a whole, bringing out (by questioning, not by telling) the order shown in every part, the plan of the flower and the work of every part.

Have the children draw the flower carefully and truthfully and describe it.

Have them learn some verse or poem about it or read some flower story. There will be abundant opportunity to introduce these in connection with this work. Let the children also personify the plant and tell the plant's story.

Make the plant study the basis for a comparison with some other plant, bringing out differences and resemblances.

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## Butter and Eggs.

By M. L. P.

Nellie sat down on the hillside looking veay sad. "O dear," said she, "I wish I were rich and beautiful and grand! I wish I were a princess instead of just plain Nellie Brown, living just like every other little girl, playing and going to school every day!"

The little butter-and-egg plants looked at each other in surprise. Their little mouths opened wide. Nellie had often taken the little blossoms in her hand to amuse herself with seeing the ltttle mouths open and shut as she pressed them between her fingers. But she never knew they could talk. "What a strange little girl this is," they said to each other now. "But dear me, doesn't she know that no little girl in all the world is like every other little girl? Doesn't she know that every little girl has her own happy place to fill? Perhaps she thinks we are very common, too; but if we were all dead, she would find the roadsides very dull and sober, we are quite sure."

But Nellie was so wrapped in her own gloomy thoughts she never heard a word the little flower folks said to her; and I am afraid she went away as fretful as she came. Poor little Nellie to be so deaf!

## How Coal Was Made.

By B. Hope Lewis.

WHO would like to hear a pretty fairy story? All, I'm sure. Well, I'll tell you one about some bright, dancing little sunbeams.

One time, long, long ago, before anyone lived on this earth, the loveliest ferns and great tall trees with the most beautiful leaves grew everywhere. The trees and ferns I'm thinking about grew in a great swamp, and there they lived, day after day, drinking in the bright sunbeams that shone down upon them.

They were very beautiful indeed and the sunbeams made them so happy that they drank in every one that came their way.

Of course our little sunbeams were very glad to make the great trees and ferns happy, so they said never a word.

By and by, the leaves fell, the ferns grew old and the trees themselves sometimes fell to the ground carrying the bright sunbeams with them. After a time they began to sink down deeper and deeper into the ground nntil at length they found themselves away down in the deep, dark earth.

"Oh dear!" cried the sunbeams, "How can we ever stay down here in this dark, dull place where no one ever sees us and we never see anybody."

After the ferns and leaves had lain there for a long, long time tney grew hard and black and all this time our little sunbeams were alive, yet so sorry they could not get out.

But by and by some miners, who were looking for coal, dug a great deep mine and one day a great, strong miner dug out the very lump in which our little sunbeams lay buried, and shoveled it on the car to be hauled out with the other great lumps of shiny, black coal.

All this time the sunbeams lay very still, for now they thought they were going to get out. At last the day came when our little sunbeams found themselves in a coal scuttle that sat by a grate in a warm, pretty room. Soon a little girl came in and picked out the very lump that held our sunbeams and laid it on the fire.

"Now," said the sunbeams, "now is our chance," and O, how they sparkled and danced with joy, throwing out the most beautiful and sunniest light that the little girl had ever seen.

She clapped her hands with delight and ran to call her baby brother to come and see the beautiful sunbeams that were playing "hide and go seek" on the wall. Then the light softly died away and our little sunbeams went out after giving all the warmth and light they could and making two little people very happy.

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## "Ourang-Outang."

By Sarah E. Towne.

My class was much interested in a reading lesson on Asia. One bright boy started off with his paragraph, and was doing finely, until his eye met this word,—ourang-outang. He looked, frowned, stammered and blushed, but finally with full confidence in his ability, pronounced it with vehemence, "orange outing."

"What did you say?" He repeated it again. "Well, what is it? What does it mean?" said I. "Why the outside of an orange," he boldly replied. Then I questioned the whole class, and found one only who knew what the word really meant.

"Keep it a secret," said I, "and we'll wait for the others to think." Their ideas of natural history were extremely limited, and I was forced to come to the rescue. With the timely aid of an illustration, his ideas of an orange were quickly dispelled. On the following morning I was only too happy to quote a story which I had read from a daily paper.

"An ourang-outang had carried a small child in its arms from the lower floor of a dwelling and placed it out of danger's way. Those who looked on dared not speak or interfere, but the mother love filled them with amazement and gratitude."

# Number Problems.*

## First Year — Two.

If you cut an apple into 2 equal parts, what would you call each piece? How many half apples make a whole one?

Lulu ate ½ of an orange and gave the rest to her little brother; how much of the orange did he have, and who had the larger piece?

How many pints will fill a quart measure?

Mrs. Ray bought a quart of milk, and paid for it in pint tickets; how many tickets did she give?

The baby has a flower in each hand; how many flowers has she?

How many thumbs have you?

How many shoes is a pair of shoes? How many pins is a couple of pins?

How many times must I take a pint measure to the pump to get a quart of water?

Fred had a pair of bantams, but 1 died; how many had he left?

What will a pint of buttermilk cost at 2 cents a quart?

How many postal cards can you buy for 2 cents?

1 pint is what part of a quart?

If I divide an apple equally between two little girls, what part of the apple will each have?

Henry walked ½ mile yesterday, and the same to-day; how far has he walked in the 2 days?

If you should should drink the half of a quart of milk, how much milk would be left?

Uncle John divided a dollar between Willie and Frank; what part of the dollar did each have?

If I drink a pint of milk a day, how long will it take me to drink a quart?

Tom ate ½ of his orange: what part of it had he left?

Johnnie had a 2-cent piece, and Fred has 2 pennies; who has the most?

Charlie had a couple of plums for his lunch, but he ate only one, and gave the rest to his teacher; how many plums did he give her?

Willie had a pair of pretty white rabbits, but one ran away and never came back; how many had he left?

Eddie had to walk a mile to his grandmother's to take her some eggs, but when he had gone half the way, his uncle came along in his buggy and drove him the rest of the way; how far did Eddie walk?

## Second Year — Eleven.

Carrie's aunt gave her all the change she had in her pocketbook, — a half-dime, a 2-cent piece, and 4 pennies; how much money money did she give her?

If I cut a string in 11 pieces, what shall I call each piece?

How many elevenths made a whole one?

Jack found 6 eggs in one nest, and 5 in another. His mother used 3 of them for a cake, and he sold the rest for a cent each; how much did he get for them?

George started out with 11 cents in his pocket, to buy something nice for his little sister, who was sick. He bought 2 nice sweet oranges, that were 5 cents each, and spent the rest for a picture book; how much did he pay for the book?

Josie had a 10-cent piece and a penny in his pocket; how many pears can he buy at 3 cents each, and will he have any money left, and how much?

May bought 6 strings of white beads and 5 strings of blue ones, and paid 11 cents for them; how much did she pay for a string?

Harry's mother said he might have a cent for every egg he brought her from the barn. Monday he found 3, Tuesday only 1, Wednesday only 5, and the next day 2; how much money had he Thursday night?

Bessie had a plate of cherries given her, and she tied them in bunches, putting 5 in a bunch. When she had finished, she found she had a bunch for her mother, 1 for herself, and had 1 cherry left; how many cherries were on the plate?

Mattie's aunt made her 4 nice cakes to take to her Sunday-school picnic. Mattie went to the store and bought the butter and eggs for them,— 2 eggs and ¼ pound of butter for each cake; how many eggs and how much butter did she buy?

Lucy had 11 words to learn for a spelling lesson, but when she wrote them, her teacher marked 3 that were spelled wrong; how many were correct?

Nat was up in a tree, throwing apples down to Ned, who caught them in his hat. He first threw 3, then 4, then 4 more, and Ned caught them all but 2; how many did he catch?

Fred had a pail that held a gallon. He filled it once and a half with water for his horse; how many quarts of water did the horse drink?

Frank threw his ball against the wall 11 times to catch it on the bound. He missed it twice; how many times did he catch it?

Tom made two little carts,— one for his sister and one for himself. How many wheels did he put on both carts?

Grace found two marbles, and her brother said he would swing her 5 times for each marble; how many times would he have to swing her for the marbles?

Our cow gave us 1½ gallons of milk this morning and 5 quarts this evening. Betty poured it all into quart pans; how many pans did she fill?

Tom took his pole down to the brook to fish; he caught 7 in the morning but only 4 in the afternoon. How many fish did he catch during the day?

Eddie went out in his boat one morning to row on the lake, but he had not been out long when he had lost his oars, and it was noon before some men who were fishing saw him and brought him in. If he started out at 7 o'clock, how many hours was he on the lake?

*(These problems are taken from "First Steps in Number," A. Lovell A Co., N. Y.)

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# Helps in Language.

(The following exercises are taken from Maxwell's First Book in English.)

## Oral Exercises.

*Which are the* EXCLAMATIONS IN THESE SENTENCES?

Dear mother how pretty the moon looks to-night!
Daffodils! Daffodils! say, do you hear?—
Summer is coming! and spring-time is here!
Hark! how the music leaps out from his throat!
Hark! was there ever so merry a note?
Hush! Look! In my tree,
I'm as happy as happy can be!
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
"O father! I hear the sound of guns,
Oh! say, what may it be?"
"Some ship in distress that cannot live
In such an angry sea!"

*Copy these sentences, and use quotation marks wherever they are needed:—*

1. Here is an ugly caterpiller, said the children.
2. When the caterpiller was asleep in his bed, they said, Throw the old thing away.
3. But when the butterfly burst forth, they cried, Let us catch the beautiful thing!
4. Will you have these crumbs? asked a little girl.
5. Thank you, Mary, the robin seemed to say.
6. Then Mary said, Thank you for your company.
7. Said the boy, I'll climb that tree,
And bring down a nest I know.
Said the girl, I will not see
Little birds defrauded so.

*Combine each of the following groups of statements into a single sentence:—*

| | |
|---|---|
| The mason uses brick. | The shoemaker makes boots. |
| The mason uses stones. | The shoemaker makes shoes. |
| The mason uses mortar. | The shoemaker makes slippers. |
| | |
| Mary studies arithmetic. | Alice is fond of music. |
| Mary studies reading. | Alice is fond of pictures. |
| Mary studies writing. | Alice is fond of poetry. |
| | |
| Steam drives mills. | Father reads books. |
| Steam drives boats. | Father reads magazines. |
| Steam drives trains. | Father reads the newspapers. |

# Calling Things by Their Real Names.

The following conversation took place between two kindergartners.

*First kindergartner:* "Our games are different from all others. Our words are usually original with the kindergartner's ingenuity, assisted at times by the children. They are, for the most part, descriptive of natural phenomena, as for instance: crystallization, evaporation, freezing, radiation, and so on. The children, in these games, personate the particles of matter in their activities. They are in turn particles of snow the game being to form themselves into snow crystals; or in portraying evaporation, some of the children are clothes props and stand with arms extended to support the drying clothes, while others are the dancing sun rays that kiss the particles of moisture and bear them away to the blue sky beyond."

"But," said the *second kindergartner*, "while no objection should be made to a natural and agreeable way of scientific instruction notably through plays involving scientific truths, still it is necessary that we should be absolutely true to fact, and it is not always possible to imitate natural phenomena with the movements of the body, and if it were it is a very clumsy and unpoetic representation of a marvelously exquisite phenomenon. In the case of evaporation the particles must fly upward in order to be true to life. Sunlight does not dance but radiates. In regard to the kissing of the particles away this may be a pretty poetical conception but should not it be taught as a scientific truth nor along with a scientific truth. It endangers the child's intellectual integrity to confuse symbolism with scientific truth. In short, especially in intercourse with children, I believe in calling a spade, a spade."

Greatly moved, the first kindergartner replied: "How different you are from us." Now when we speak of a frozen brook, we say: "The water is asleep," when the wind blows the branches of the tree, we say: "It whispers to the leaves," and when in Autumn the leaves fall to the ground, we never say that they drop or are blown from the tree, but that "Mother earth calls them to cover her baby roots and help keep them warm while they are asleep in their little brown bed waiting for the brook to wake up again." (In other words during the winter time.) "Oh, no," she added, with a sudden burst of eloquence, "*we never call things by their real names.*"

Should we cloak the manifestations of nature in language other than their own? The symbol is beautiful—but so is the *fact* beautiful. Whispering winds, singing brooks, sleeping waters, smiling sunshine are pretty, but so are plain wind, flowing brooks, frozen waters, sunshine, in themselves beautiful, *and children think so.*

What is more poetic than the "wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh nor whither it goeth." Not one word of figure—the simple statement of a beautiful thing in nature, in itself suggestive—the Great Teacher seemed willing to call things by their right names.

—*Mrs. Eudora L. Hailmann.*

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The following was put upon the blackboard by Dr. Z. X. Snyder, at Martha's Vineyard, to assist in remembering the key note of the great educational teachers.

| | |
|---|---|
| Socrates | Knowledge |
| Plato | Culture |
| Pestalozzi | Power |
| Froebel | Harmony |
| Rosenkranz | Freedom |
| Herbert | Morality |
| Spencer | Life |
| Huxley | Recognition. |

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"A pebble in the streamlet scant,
Has turned the course of many a river;
A dewdrop on the infant plant,
Has warped the giant oak forever."

## "Choose Your Color."

There is a lesson drawn by Helen Hunt from the words of a poorly clad little girl, who on a rainy day stood before the window of a milliner's shop, rapt in delight at the bright hues within, and saying to herself, "I choose that color." "I choose that color." "I choose that color." Why should days ever be dark, life ever be colorless? There is always sun; there are always blue and scarlet and yellow and purple. We cannot reach them, perhaps, but we can see them, if it's only "through a glass" and "darkly,"—still we can see them. We can "choose" our colors. It rains perhaps, and we are standing in the cold. Never mind. If we look earnestly enough at the brightness which is on the other side of the glass, we shall forget the wet and not feel the cold.

. . Learn a wondrous secret, that pennilessness is not poverty, and ownership is not possession; that to be without is not always to lack, and to reach is not to attain; that sunlight is for all eyes that look up, and color for those who "choose."—*Sel.*

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## Read this to the Boys.

"Most boys have gentle hearts, though they are sometimes very thoughtless.

A lady, whose little girl had the misfortune to be sadly marked about the face, hesitated about sending her to school, fearing the boys would make fun of her. Persuaded by the teacher to make the trial anyway, the little one was sent, and timidly came into the schoolroom one morning after all the pupils were seated. To their honor it may be said that, instead of "making fun," or even smiling slyly, every boy in the room, after a hurried, pitying glance at the marred face, quickly looked the other way; and the little one has never met with any but the kindest treatment, and has never been made to think herself different from the rest of the children. This is true politeness, and is far removed from cruelty."

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## "Too Little Meat."

Arithmetic as a bread-and-butter science has ever appealed with great force to all classes. No wonder it is sometimes given too great prominence. In teaching this subject, as in reading, primary teachers are apt to give children too much broth, too little meat. The tendency is to depend too long upon splints, blocks, pegs and illustrative work.—*A. W. Edson.*

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## "Not a Make-Shift."

"This school-keeping of ours is not a make-shift, a catch-penny device, a means for tiding over an unforeseen bar in our business career, a ready resort from the tedium of housekeeping, a flirtation with small literature, a free fountain by the wayside, where the tired traveler may slake his thirst and pass on,—but a high calling where, if anywhere, are required intellectual attainments, an active intelligence, tact, special training and that well-balanced self-poise which we sometimes call manhood and womanhood.—*George Howland.*

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## "An All-Important Accomplishment."

"The profession of a kindergartner is one that leads woman toward her normal destiny, one in which she can unite the advantages of maiden independence with the best preparations for the probability of wifehood. If I had the education of ten thousand girls I would give every one of them a year or two of thorough Frœbelian training and practice as the essential and dominant part of a womanly education, and as their one and all important accomplishment, whether for married or independent usefulness."—*Kate Douglas Wiggin*

# TALKING TOGETHER

(In this department teachers and editor will meet together for a social talk and exchange of opinions, experiences and suggestions. All that teachers would say of their work, if they were with a congenial company of other teachers will be in place here. Questions and letters to the editor will here receive attention and be treated in the best way to bring the greatest good to the greatest number.)

## A Word of Greeting.

Again in the school room! Rested, I hope, and ready for the children and the work. If not, there is no cause for self-castigation, for the early fall months are most attractive and Nature only calls for her own when she shows her best side to humanity in these cooler days, and offers her cosy wood spots all embowered with verdure and just faintly touched with the first tints of autumn glory. It is exceedingly improbable that it was ever the Divine plan for anything alive to be shut into houses or dens in such weather as this; but we have to accept this stifling and unnatural condition as one of the "ideas" of modern civilization and to smilingly adapt ourselves to them.

But let us live out of doors every moment we can in the next two months, and let our school work include as much of the outside natural world as possible. And it *is* possible, too, to bring into the school room the true outdoor flavor and to inspire the children to feel that there is just as much school outside as inside the school building. When this is done Nature study will not need to be a separate branch in the Course of Study, but will become a part of every subject that is ever taken up between teacher and pupils.

> "Then Nature, the old nurse, took
> The child upon her knee,
> Saying, 'Here is a story book
> Thy Father hath written for thee.'"

When we have taught the children how to listen to that "dear old nurse" and how to see the wonders of that "story book" the Father hath written, we shall have done for them the very best we shall ever be able to do for their future development.

## Reading for the Year.

Have you settled upon any course of reading for the year, for your own personal improvment? It is wise to do this early, before the inevitable rush of the year's duties take away the inclination to do it. A good daily newspaper first,—don't forget *that*—then decide upon a few solid books that you will read *studiously* with some teacher-friends. Nothing will hold you so firmly to the great object of your work and help you to forget the daily annoyances of little things, as a systematic course of reading. And may I suggest one subject for you? Let there be one book included that contains a clear exposition of the principles of

## The Kindergarten System.

(Consult some prominent Kindergartner as to the best one.)

The time has come when all primary teachers must understand what is meant by kindergarten principles or they are unable to receive the children intelligently and sympathetically into their rooms, direct from the kindergarten. To criticise a thing we do not understand does not injure or improve it, but only proclaims our own weakness and ignorance. If every primary teacher will solemnly promise herself never to make another statement or express another opinion concerning any particular kindergarten or the system as a whole, till she has studied its doctrines *from the fountain source* she will have done one of the best things for herself, for the children in her care and for the harmonious adjustment of the kindergarten and primary schools that she can possibly do.

## Nature Study.

Read the editorial upon this subject and see the light ahead of us this year in the help of Mr. Scott. Read his *first* paper on pages 228 and 229 in this number; then turn to his initial chapters in the year's series upon this branch of study. After this if you are still in need of individual help write Mr. Scott and send an addressed, stamped envelope for an answer. Not useless questions, of course, for his time is as precious as ours, but he will give *real* help in this way to *real* seekers for it.

## Telling Stories.

The following question and answer are worth attention. Am sorry it cannot be credited to the school magazine from which it was evidently taken. but it has slipped from memory.

*Q.* Would you advise the telling of stories every day?

*A.* The wisdom of story telling every day is to my mind questionable. A child's mind loves to dwell upon the thoughts and truths it receives; and how can it if new ones are crowded in so rapidly? A story wisely selected may be often repeated, and will never become so familiar as to breed contempt if suited to the little ones' needs. Change it a trifle some time for an experiment, and see how every little face will be filled with wonder; and very likely you will be corrected. If the thoughts or stories are crowded into the little minds too rapidly, they will lose their value and interest, and then the children will be led to pay less attention and not try to make them a part of their own lives.

— *G. E. L.*

## Juvenile Literature.

Read it teachers. It keeps the heart warm and young, and brings you nearer to the little children. Juvenile magazines ought to be a delight to primary teachers, second, only to that of the little folks themselves. St. Nicholas, Harper's Young People, Youth's Companion, The Child Garden, Little Men and Women, Babyland, The Sunbeam, and ever so many others are bright, entertaining and running over with suggestions for all primary teachers as well as for home guardians for whom they are more especially designed. They take precedence over everything else at the editorial desk as soon as they arrive;—yes, even over your important letters. Not only the magazines but the little story books are worth your attention. I have a suspicion that any teacher who cannot enjoy a fairy-story or a "Brownie" escapade is in the wrong place in a primary school room.

## Listen! Contributors!

A telegram was received from Chicago the other day, for the editor of this paper cohtaining these words: "Send manuscript to-day. Pardon delay." The surprise of it! Almost the shock of it! Why? The sender of that manuscript and telegram was *only one day behind* the promised time; and that "time" as early as the first day of the month *preceding the month* in which the paper was to be published, yet he voluntarily went to the trouble and expense of sending a message all the way from Chicago to Boston to explain and apologize. Notice the pronoun "*he*." It would have been a personal satisfaction if the possessor of such conscientious scruples in the matter of promptness and punctuality had been a woman;— but, alas! no!

This incident ought to carry hope and courage all along the editorial lines throughout the country;— that there exists one contributor to an educational journal who believes that a promise about an "article" is just as sacred as about anything else. Hope and Faith smiled on each other again after such an experience as that and we cherish the superstition that it is a favorable omen for the coming year.

## Contributor's Almanac.

Matter for PRIMARY EDUCATION should be received as follows:

| | |
|---|---|
| For September, | Aug. 1 |
| " October, | Sept. 1 |
| " November, | Oct. 1 |
| " December, | Nov. 1 |

and so on until further notice.

## Who Likes it?

Primary work was sent to the World's Fair, from a prominent city, in which the following formula for subtraction occurred many times.

"12 take away 7 are 5."

Would this be allowed in the school room by many of us?

## Story Helps.

*School Education Co*, (Minneapolis) are sending out small monthly publications of graded stories to assist in reading, language and nature study. Price 5 cents. Four numbers have been issued. Send for specimen number.

## Vertical Writing for Babies.

If any teacher has made the experiment of teaching first year children (who have never written before) the vertical form of penmanship, that teacher is earnestly requested to tell us all about it, right away, comparing her experience with similar efforts made with the usual slanting hand.

## Cook Co, Normal School Envelope.

If any teachers are not familiar with the Envelope plan at Col. Parker's Normal School, send 25 cents, and ask to be enlightened. (Englewood, Ill.) It will be impossible for any teacher to keep along in the old worn-out grooves of primary work if she sees these every month. They have a wonderful stirring-up quality with their silent records of what has been done and is being done for the smallest children in this *thinking* school.

## The New Term — Imitation.

Read carefully the article on this subject by Prof. Royce, of Harvard College, in *May Century*, 1894.

# STORIES.

## The Pitcher Plant.

"O dear!" sighed the little raindrop, "I didn't mean to fall into this strange shaped leaf. It is like a prison. If shall do no one any good, and I am afraid I can't get out."

"Can you not call to the sun to take you back again?" asked a little ant busy at work close by.

"I am afraid he cannot get to me through these thick trees overhead," said the raindrop, sighing again.

"O, here is a pitcher plant!" peeped a little bird just overhead. "Now I can have a drink of water. And I have been so thirsty! Even the swamps are dry; and my throat was so parched I could hardly sing. O, thank you, little raindrop. Did you hide away in here just for me?"

## Fred and the Cat-bird.

Fred had grown to be such a fretful little boy! He was only three years old to be sure. Then, too, he had been very sick, which was no doubt a great excuse for him. Still Fred's little cousins thought he need not be quite so cross. Nothing ever suited him. Whatever was done for him was never right.

"Yah!" he would snarl if his cousins even looked at him.

"Won't you come and play with us?" said the cousins one day.

"Yah!" snarled Freddie.

"O please do!" they coaxed.

"Yah!" was the answer. Just then a cat-bird flew by. "Yah!" cried the cat-bird.

"O Freddie!" cried the cousins, "you sound just like the cat-bird! It is mocking you, true as you live!"

"Yah!" snarled Freddie.

"Yah!" answered the cat-bird. And sure enough, they did sound just alike.

How the little cousins laughed. And Freddie was so angry he cried outright. But it cured him of his fretfulness; for he was never heard to "yah" again the whole summer long.

## Who Robbed the Box?

Willie lived on a farm two miles from the railroad. There was no post-office for miles from Willie's home; but every day the stage went by bringing the mail. To save the stage driver's time, each farmer had built out by the roadside, a little box, shaped very much like a bird-house, and into this the stage driver dropped the mail as he hurried along.

One spring Willie's father had no little trouble with his letters and papers. Two valuable letters were lost, and once the weekly paper was found over the stone wall torn in bits.

It was a great mystery. "Willie," said his father, "I will give you ten cents if you will find the thief."

"I will watch all day," said Willie. So he lay down behind the stone wall where he could peep through at the thief if he came.

It was early in the spring. The trees were full of birds, as busy as they could be, building their nests for the summer. By-and-by Willie fell asleep. How could he help it, when the air was so soft and sweet?

*Peep, peep, peep!* PEEP, PEEP, PEEP! PEEP, PEEP, PEEP! What a noise the birds were making. They awoke Willie with a start.

"Ha, ha, ha!" he laughed a moment later, "I've found my thief! I've found my thief!"

And sure enough, there were two sparrows perched upon the letter-box, and pulling with all their might at the paper that lay within.

How they fluttered and peeped and pulled! By-and-by out it came and dropped upon the grass below. Down flew the birds. They seized the paper by the corners, and pulled and pulled until they dragged it out across the road and hid it behind a bush.

Willie ran for his father, and together they watched the birds until they had torn the paper in shreds, and had carried a large part of it away to line their nest with.

"Well, Wiliie," laughed Farmer Brown, "you've earned your ten cents, sure enough. And I must tell the stage driver to lay a stone on the letters and papers until nest building season is over."

## Lily's Parrot.

Lily could never remember to brush her teeth in the morning.

"If I only knew how to make you remember," said Lily's mother one morning, when for the hundredth time she sent Lily back to the bathroom.

"Polly knows! Polly knows!" cried the parrot from a window near by. "Whish! whish! whish!"

Lily and her mother laughed at Polly and gave him a piece of sugar. But Polly was wiser than they thought. The very next morning when Lily came out of her room, he began, "Whish! whish! whish! Brush your teeth, Lily! Brush your teeth, Lily!"

But the strangest part of all was that Polly never said it except in the morning when Lily first came out from her bedroom to take her morning bath.

## Pop! Pop!

Willis went to sleep one day out in his grandmamma's big old-fashioned garden. There were flowers everywhere about him — pinks, China asters, foxgloves, larkspurs, marigolds, snapdragons, poppies, and many others. By-and-by Willis began to wake. "Pop!" sounded something just below him. "Pop!" sounded something just above his head. "Pop!" sounded something at his right. Willis sat up and looked around him. He could see nothing. "Pop!" sounded something at his feet. Willis ran in to tell his grandmother what he had heard.

"Those were little seed-pods snapping," said she. "Let us go and see them together."

Can you tell why these seed-pods popped open? And can you tell what plant it was they were growing upon? Willis could tell us if he were here; for he watched them every day; and he soon learned which ones were ready and which were not ready to pop. (Balsam.)

## The Acorns.

"I dare to jump!" cried one little acorn.

"So do I!" cried another.

"And I! And I! And I!"

"Well, then, now ready! One, two, three — jump!"

And down they all went from the tree-tops so high.

How they laughed when they landed upon the soft brown earth below! And how surprised they were as they looked up, to see how far away the tree-tops seemed to be. Their hats flew off, but they were so happy in their new world they didn't even try to put them on again. And by-and-by they cuddled down in the soft earth beneath the pine needles and went fast asleep. Such happy little acorns!

## Number One.

"I tell you," said Robbie, eating his peach,
And giving his sister none,
"I believe in the good old saying that each
Should look out for Number One."

"Why, yes," answered Katie, wise little elf,
"But the counting should be begun
With the *other one* instead of yourself,—
And *he* should be Number One."

— *Selected.*

## Color Fairies.

**A First Gift Exercise.**

"Little Fairy Red, will you come and say
What you are doing all the day?"

FAIRY RED. (RED BALL.)

"I fly to the apple, cherry and peach,
And leave a kiss on the cheek of each."

"Little Fairy Orange, will you come and say
What you are doing all the day?"

FAIRY ORANGE.

"Away in the South where the days are so fair,
I paint all the coats of the oranges there."

"Little Fairy Yellow, will you come and say
What you are doing all the day?"

FAIRY YELLOW.

"Down in the meadow I play all the day,
With daisies and cowslips and buttercups gay."

"Little Fairy Green, will you come and say
What you are doing all the day?"

FAIRY GREEN.

"Oh! every day I'm as busy as the bees
With the grasses and ferns and leaves on trees."

"Little Fairy Blue, will you come and say
What you are doing all the day?"

FAIRY BLUE.

"Way up in the sky and down on the ground
My color you'll see I have scattered around."

"Little Fairy Violet, will you come and say
What you are doing all the day?"

FAIRY VIOLET.

"I smile on pansy faces who look at the sun,
Then sail away on a cloud when day is done."

"Little Color Fairies, playing here together,
Tell me what you do when it's stormy weather."

COLOR FAIRIES.

"When the rain comes down and the sun gives his light
We all dance in line to make a rainbow bright."

— *Catherine Barnes, in Kindergarten News.*

## Five Little Brothers.

"Five little brothers set out together
To journey the livelong day,
In a curious carriage all made of leather
They hurried away, away!
One big brother, and three quite small,
And one wee fellow, no size at all.

The carriage was dark and none too roomy,
And they could not move about;
The five little brothers grew very gloomy,
And the wee one began to pout,
Till the biggest one whispered, "What do ye say,
Let's leave the carriage and run away!"

So out they scampered, the five together,
And off and away they sped!
When somebody found that carriage of leather,
O my! how she shook her head.
'Twas her little boy's shoe, as every one knows,
And the five little brothers were five little toes."

## Just in Time.

By F. A. C.

If the moon and the sun go to bed just in time,
When nobody tells them to,
With never a sigh or asking why,
I certainly think we might, too.

If the moon and the sun get up just in time,
And never a minute late,
It is certainly bad and very sad
That we should make breakfast wait.

## A Puzzle.

There's one thing I don't understand;
It really seems to me so queer
That my mamma last night should say,
"Be sure and always mind, my dear;"

And when I got that dreadful fall
This very morning from a chair,
Should pick me up and cuddle me,
And pat my cheeks, and smooth my hair:

And press her face down close to mine,
That I might hear her whisper, kind—
The while she kissed my tears away—
"There, there! my darling; never mind!"

— *Selected.*

## Recitation.

(Litte girl holds a big apple, taking a bite at the close.)

"I am little Miss Apple,
My home's in a tree,
Far up in the branches
Where no one can see.

I list to the birdies,
I swing in the breeze,
I laugh in the sunshine,
I hide in the leaves.

My cheeks are so rosy
My pulp is so white
I know I am juicy
Do please take a bite!'

## Finger Play.

"Five little children climb up a tree,
Higher and higher, you hardly can see;
They climb so high, so high, *so high!*
*Down* they fall into a hole close by;
Let us go and help them out!
Poor little things, what were you about?
Here we are again you see,
Thankful to you, as thankful can be,
And if ever again we climb up a tree
We'll be sure to be careful as careful can be."

(After the right hand climbs the imaginary tree, then the left does it; after that, both hands go through the movement and whirl around each other, when helping each other out.)

## A Recipe.

"A smile, and then two merry eyes,
To make the pleasantest of skies,
A laugh — or many, if you please,
To make the sweetest summer breeze;
All these, if used well and aright,
Will even make a dark day bright."

## Punctuation Points.

(There is only one objection to the following bright, rhythmic verses,— the statements are not true.— Ed.)

Six little marks from school are we,
Very important, all agree,
Filled to the brim with mystery,
  Six little marks from school.

One little mark is round and small,
But where it stands the voice must fall,
At the close of a sentence, all
  Place this little mark from school: .

One little mark, with gown a-trailing,
Holds up the voice, and, never failing,
Tells you not long to pause when hailing
  This little mark from school: ,

If out of breath you chance to meet,
Two little dots, both round and neat,
Pause, and these tiny guardsmen greet—
  These little marks from school: :

When shorter pauses are your pleasure,
One trails his sword — takes half the measure,
Then speeds you on to seek new treasure;
  This little mark from school: ;

One little mark, ear-shaped, implies,
"Keep up the voice,— await replies;"
To gather information tries
  This little mark from school: ?

One little mark, with an exclamation,
Presents itself to your observation,
And leaves the voice at an elevation,
  This little mark from school: !

Six little marks! Be sure to heed us;
Carefully study, write, and read us;
For you can never cease to need us,
  Six little marks from school!

—*Julia M. Colton, St. Nicholas.*

## Puzzles.

Prove that 1 taken from 19 leaves 20.
*Ans.* X(I)X = 20.

Place three sixes together so as to make 7.
*Ans.* $6\frac{6}{6}$.

Place three 2's together so as to make 24.
*Ans.* 22 + 2 = 24.

Take 1 from 9 and make it 10.
*Ans.* IX — I = X.

## Counting Treasures.

(Recitation.)

"I've written all my treasures down,
  I have such lots and lots of things.
A kitten and a little dog,
  A bird that sings.
More picture books than I can count.
  And dolls — O, twenty-five I guess.
Of china, paper, wood and wax,
  Such fun to dress.
A trunk just full of other toys.
  A lovely ruby ring to wear.
A sewing basket all my own,
  A little chair.
A writing-desk — I guess that's all,
  I cannot think of any other,
Except — I really did forget
  My baby brother!"

## Two and Two are Always Four.

"Where do you live, my little maid?"
  "I live right here, at No. 4."
"Why how is that, my little maid?
  For 22 is on the door."

"The number, sir, is number 4."
  She slowly said it o'er and o'er;
"Our teacher says — and she should know —
  That 2 and 2 are always 4."— *Sel.*

## The Young Astronomer.

(The position as above can be easily arranged in the lowest room with moon and stars on blackboard.)

I have looked for ten long minutes straight up at a bright yellow star. It is big enough to twinkle, I thould think, for it is as big as any three other stars you can find. But there it stands, as still as a street lamp, staring straight at me, and never once winking its eyes. My big brother Fred says the reason that star doesn't twinkle is because it is a planet. I wonder what he means?

The trouble may be with my glasses. Perhaps they don't fit my eyes. If I had another pair, I think that star would twinkle even if it *is* a planet. M.

## Three Little Housekeepers.

(Motion Song. Tune: "Auld Lang Syne.")

By Anna V. M. Jones.

When Monday comes, we go to work
  And wash our clothes all clean,
Then hang them on the line to dry
  With clothes-pins in between.
And Tuesday finds us busily
  With ironing employed,
And when our clothes are smoothly pressed
  We feel quite overjoyed.

When Wednesday comes, we go to work,
  And knead our snowy bread,—
Then place it in the oven, so
  Our friends may be well fed.
And Thursday finds us all engaged
  With brooms to sweep the floor,
We dust the chairs and furniture,
  Each window and each door.

When Friday comes, we dress ourselves
  In hats and garments gay,
And go to call upon our friends
  A pleasant word to say.
And Saturday our needles take
  And sew and darn and mend,
Until it seems the weary day
  Will never, never end.

Then Sunday comes, of all the week
  The pleasantest and best,
We go to church and Sunday school,
  And take a needed rest
For Monday we must all begin
  To wash, and press and bake,
To sweep and dust and call and mend,
  A week these always take.

# History and Literature for Primary Grades.

AN OUTLINE OF WORK IN HISTORY AND LITERATURE, PREPARED BY MISS EMILY J. RICE, OF THE COOK COUNTY NORMAL SCHOOL, AT THE REQUEST OF COUNTY SUPTERINTENDENT ORVILLE T. BRIGHT, FOR THE USE OF COOK COUNTY (ILL.) TEACHERS.

Supt. Bright says: "I earnestly hope that every teacher and every father and mother into whose hands this outline of work shall fall, will read it carefully from beginning to end, and try thoroughly to understand the plan of the work, especially as it regards the co-ordination of studies."

Miss Rice says:

"This outline is prepared on the theory that the different branches of knowledge should be related to each other in a course of study. The work of each grade in Natural Science and Geography is therefore considered as having an important bearing on the topics selected.

Stories from classic literature may be adapted by each teacher for herself. Many are found in works on mythology, but not in a form suitable for children. Care must be taken to keep them true to nature, showing its poetry and ethical teaching. Avoid moralizing. Keep the artistic and æsthetic."

We give below that which is designed for the first three years of school.—ED.

## First Grade.

Outline by FLORA J. COOKE, Teacher.

(*Stories to be told by teacher.*)

*September.* (Science basis: Botany.) Clytie, a sunflower myth, adapted from Ovid. Golden Rod and Aster, Fairyland of Flowers. Mondamin, a story of corn from Longfellow's Hiawatha.
(Science basis: Zoology.) How the Mole Became Blind, Cox. The Chipmunk, adapted from Sir Edwin Arnold's poem. The Pearl Feather, Hiawatha. The Brown Thrush, Lucy Larcom.

*October.* (Science Basis: Evaporation.) Cloud Myths: Alkinous, adapted from the Odyssey. The Swan Maidens, Cooke.
(Science basis: Solution.) The Donkey and the Salt, Æsop
(Science basis: Zoology.) The Cricket and the Poet, from Browning's poem, A Tale. Arachne from Ovid. Tithouns, Bulfinch. The Raindrop — Normal Third Reader.

*November.* (Science basis: Meteorology.) Ways of Measuring Time. Chronos, Cooke. King Alfred. Thanksgiving Stories. Thanksgiving Day, Lydia Maria Child.

*December.* (Science basis: Winter Plant Life.) The Little Fir Tree. Hans Andersen. The Discontented Pine Tree, Fairyland of Flowers, Christmas Stories. The Snow Flake, Saxe.

*January.* (Science basis: Winter Environment.) Life of Eskimo.
(Science basis: Heat.) Prometheus, adapted from Hesiod. Fairy Folk, Wm. Allingham.

*February.* (Science basis: Meteorology.) Moon stories. Children in the Moon, from Whittier's Child Life. Seven Times One, Jean Ingelow. The New Moon, Mrs. Follen. Lady Moon, Lord Houghton. Indian Life. Life of Hiawatha.

*March.* (Science basis: Botany.) Tree stories: Rhœcus, adapted from Lowell's Poem. Daphne, adapted from Ovid. The Walnut Tree that Wanted to Bear Tulips, Wiltse. The Tree, Björnson.
(Science basis: Winds.) Hermes. Four Winds, Hiawatha.

*April.* (Science basis: Light, Images.) The Dog and its Image and the Stag and its Antlers, Æsop. (Spectrum.) Iris.
(Science basis: Zoölogy.) The Fox and the Stork, Æsop. The World, Whittier's Child Life.

*May.* (Science basis: Mineralogy.) Sisyphus, adapted from the Odyssey. Conglomerate, Cooke.
(Science basis: Meteorology.) Persephone, from Hawthorne.
(Science basis: Zoölogy.) The North Story of the Woodpecker, from Cary's poem, A Legend of the Northland. Little Dandelion, Helen Bostwick.

*June.* (Science basis: Zoölogy.) Insect stories: King Solomon and the Ants, adapted from Whittier's Poem. King Solomon and the Bee, Saxe's poem.
(Science basis: Botany.) Anemone, Bulfinch. Seven Times One, Jean Ingelow.

## Second Grade.

Outline by CLARA I. MITCHELL, Teacher.

(*Stories to be told by teacher.*)

*September.* (Science: Light.) Iris.
(Science: Direction.) Four Winds, Hiawatha. The Four Winds, Sherman.
(Science: Zoölogy.) Melampus, Bulfinch. The Ants and Grasshoppers, Æsop.

*October.* (Science: Muscle.) Spartans. Story of Leonidas.
(Science: Evaporation.) Pegasus, adapted from the Iliad, Hawthorne.
(Science: Granite.) Clay in the Arts. Stories of Greek Art.
(Science: Botany.) How the Leaves Came Down, Susan Coolidge.

*November.* (Science: Migration.) Ugly Duckling, Andersen.
(Science: Astronomy.) Star and Moon Stories, Wiltse. Dutch Lullaby, Field.
(Science: Coal.) Stories of Mining. Story of the Pilgrim Fathers.

*December.* (Science: Gravity.) Story of Isaac Newton's Life.
The Idea of Giving in Nature. Christmas Stories.
While Shepherds Watched their Flocks,— Hymn.

*January.* (Science: Animal Movements.) The Stag at the Lake, and The Hare and the Tortoise, Æsop.
(Science: Foods.) Hiawatha's Fasting. The Little Red Hen, Appleton's First Reader. Eskimo.

*February.* (Science: Prehension.) The Fox and the Stork, Æsop.
(Science: Time.) Father Chronos. The Sun's Travel's, Stevenson. Indian — Hiawatha's Childhood, Sailing, Fishing. Washington.

*March.* Story of Longfellow's Life. Children's Hour, Longfellow.
(Science: Stones.) Stories of Quarrying. Use of Stone in the Arts. Story of Giotto's Life. Rough Stone Age in History.
(Science: Light.) The Dog and His Image, Æsop. Narcissus, adapted from Ovid.

*April.* (Science: Botany.) Rhœcus, Lowell. Daphne, adapted from Ovid. Walnut Tree, Wiltse. The Tree, Björnson. Philemon and Baucis, adapted from Ovid. The Polished Stone Age in History.

*May.* (Zoölogy.) The Boys and the Frogs, Æsop. Pearl Feather, Hiawatha.
(Botany.) Hyacinth, Bulfinch. Pea Blossom, Andersen. Cliff Dwellers. Daffy-Down-Dilly.

*June.* Persephone, Hawthorne's Pomegranate Seeds. Story of Hercules. Story of Liberty Bell. Bed in Summer, Stevenson. Mound Builders.

## Third Grade.

*September.* Inventions: History and Traveling: Stories told by teacher. Reading of Scudder's Fables and Folk Stories. The Archer, Frank Dempster Sherman.

*October.* Robinson Crusoe: Story told. Reading of Seven Little Sisters, Jane Andrews.
(Science: Zoölogy.) The Mountain and the Squirrel, Emerson.

*November.* Robinson Crusoe: Story told.
(Science: Winds. The Four Winds, Hiawatha. The South Wind and the Sun, James Whitcomb Riley.

*January.* Ways of Measuring Time: Stories told.
(Science: Trees.) Under the Greenwood Tree, Shakespeare.

*February.* Early History of Chicago: Stories told.
(Geography: Rainfall.) Cloud stories: Pegasus, adapted from the Iliad, and Niobe from Ovid. Work, Mary N. Prescott.

*March.* Early History of Chicago. Story of Iduna, a Norse myth of spring. The Daffodils, Wordsworth.

*April.* Norse myths: Balder, a myth of summer.
(Geography: Deserts.) Reading of Each and All, Jane Andrews. The Gladness of Nature, Bryant.

*May.* (Geography: Glaciers.) Norse myths: Thor and the Frost Giants. The Challenge of Thor, Longfellow.

*June.* The White Man's Foot, from Longfellow's Hiawatha, compared with Balder and Persephone. May, Frank Dempster Sherman.

# Golden Rod and Aster.

(These stories are adapted and arranged for supplementary reading by Mara L. Pratt.)

Long, long ago there lived high up on a hill an old witch. She was bent and crooked and very cross. But she had the magic power of changing people into whatever form she pleased.

It seemed a pity she was so cross. One would have thought, living up there with the blue sky above her and the birds and flowers about her, that she, too, would have grown sweet and lovely.

But it was only the cold gray sky she ever noticed. The wind she never heard unless it howled.

She never gave a thought to any bird except the thieving crow; nor to the flowers until they began to fade. The sun was always too hot; and the moon kept her awake at night. Poor cross old witch!

But little Golden Hair and little Bright Eyes did not know how cross the old witch was. And when they were told that she could give people what they wished, the two children longed to go up the hill to find her.

One sunny morning they set forth. Up, up they went, following the tiny brook, stopping now and then to play upon its banks.

They gathered flowers and mosses; they floated them along the stream and called them ships; they drank from the acorn cups; they made crowns and wreaths to place upon each other's heads.

The air was soft and warm. There was a yellow haze over the fields. The crickets chirped lazily; and even the locusts and grasshoppers were drowsy.

"But are you not afraid?" asked Bright Eyes looking up at Golden Hair. "Afraid, dear little sister? O no! Surely the good woman will not harm us when she knows why we came."

And so the children trudged on up the hill. They sang glad songs that made the squirrels come out from their holes to listen. And the birds wondered what new voice had been added to their own bright chorus.

But the old witch was not in the best mood this glorious September day; for her spinning flax was nearly all gone and she knew it would be a long time before she could gather more.

She sat scowling at the sky until the little clouds, frightened, scurried away as fast as ever they could; and the little hare bells at her feet hung their heads for sorrow.

Now and then the laughter of the children reached her ear. "What sound is that?" she snarled; for, poor old woman, she had lived alone so long, she had learned to hate the sound of people's voices.

By and by the children reached the hill-top and sat down upon a stone to rest. Over them hung a tree of russet apples ripe and golden.

"Here! here!" cried the old woman. "Who are you? And have you come to steal my apples? Away with you!"

"O no, good woman," said Golden Hair; "we have come to see you, and to ask a favor of you, please."

"A favor?" growled the old witch. "What is it you want?" "We have been told you can give us what we wish or change us into what we wish."

"Well what if I can!" snarled the cross old witch again. "We want you to give us that which will make other people happy," said little Bright Eyes. "Nonsense!" sneered the witch.

"Don't *you* like to make people happy?" asked Golden Hair grieved and hurt. "I? no," sneered the old witch again.

"We are sorry if we have made you angry," said Bright Eyes. "We will go back down into the valley at once."

Now this happened hundreds of years ago; and those who saw the children go up the hill could not remember that they ever came down again.

But from that time on there was a new glory upon the hillsides — tall graceful golden flowers, and bright-eyed purple flowers.

How the people loved these flowers! They called them Golden Rod and Asters. Were the children changed by the old witch's magic wand into these flowers so like themselves? Perhaps they were — who knows?

## AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY, NEW YORK.

FIRST LESSONS IN READING. By Elizabeth A. Fundenberg. 80 pp. Price, 50 cents.

This is a reading book entirely out of the ordinary, as it is accompanied by a Teachers' edition in which are sixty pages of fine type explanation by the author, telling how and why each lesson was given. This detailed description is in the teacher's own language and will be understood and appreciated by every teacher who will take it up studiously, catch the writer's thought and follow the course of lessons through to the end.

Miss Fundenberg is a well-known teacher in the public schools of Pittsburg, Pa., whose remarkable success in teaching first year children to read and handle the English language, has made every other teacher who has known of it wonder how she did it. She has promised to give the secret in a first year book, and *here it is*. Primary teachers everywhere must feel a very unusual interest in this book. It is handsomely prepared in large, clear type, and its numerous illustrations are strikingly real and full of stirring child-life.

## GINN & CO., BOSTON.

PRIMARY GEOGRAPHY. By Alex. E. Frye.

It is hard to say a tithe of the truth concerning this book without being accused of extravagance. Those who knew that such a book was in process of preparation by Supt. Frye expected a rare treat when it appeared, and they have not been disappointed. The older people who open this book will find it hard to lay it down till the last leaf has been turned, and to the child who is fortunate enough to own one it must be a veritable Arabian Nights of surprise and delight. One wonders what a child must think of the kind of world in which he finds himself after going through with this book as a matter of pleasure alone. The illustrations, choice and abundant on every page, are a revelation of beauty and wonder and he must conclude that life is very worth living in such a world as is described and pictured here.

For the first time the child finds a geography in his own language. He is introduced into foreign lands where there are *children* and the human interest warms the heart at once, and he is ready to go on his voyage of discovery into the geography world. The relation of cause and effect is always kept before him he becomes a little scientist without knowing it. There is no space in a brief book notice to even mention the book from an artistic point;—but in this respect it is a delight from cover to cover. It is to be hoped that every teacher of geography will send for a copy of this book and see what is possible in the way of a primary text-book upon this subject.

ARITHMETIC BY GRADES. Prepared under the direction of John T. Prince, Ph.D., Agent of the Mass. Board of Education.

This series of books for teaching arithmetic to all the grades comprises a manual for teachers (225 pages) and eight small books for the use of pupils. These books are classified substantially as in city graded schools and are based on German methods.

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GRIMM'S FAIRY TALES.

STORIES FROM PLATO.

Three more welcome additions to Ginn's already well known *Classics for Children. A Tale of Two Cities* is carefully edited and takes its rank among the preceding volumes. "Stories from Plato" edited by Mary Burt is full of interest. One hardly thinks of Plato as an author with possibilities for children but the editor has brought together stories, descriptions and bits of hidden philosophy that will delight our little readers, and add one more good book to their already generous list. "Grimm's Fairy Tales," edited by Sara Wiltse are carefully selected for their moral significance, those only being chosen sure to leave a right and happy imprint upon the young readers. We cannot but regret, however, that Miss Wiltse has followed so closely the idiomatic style of early literature, in consonance, perhaps, with the fashion of the present time, instead of having translated them into the rhetoric of to-day. The following illustrative sentence, quoted from this book, would hardly prove a help to the teacher in breaking up that habit, universal among primary children, of joining *unrelated thoughts* with the connective word *and:* "The poor Queen grew more sad *and* anxious because her husband did not return, and just then the other brother came into her kingdom."

Miss Wiltse would never make such a sentence in a story of her own. We wonder, therefore, that she did not assert her prerogative as editor in reconstructing, rather than that these crude forms should be perpetuated in another edition of Grimm.

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